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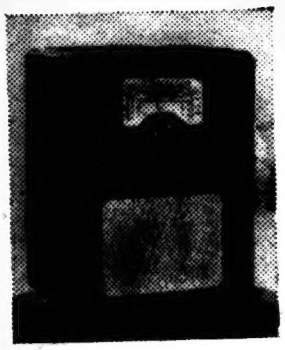

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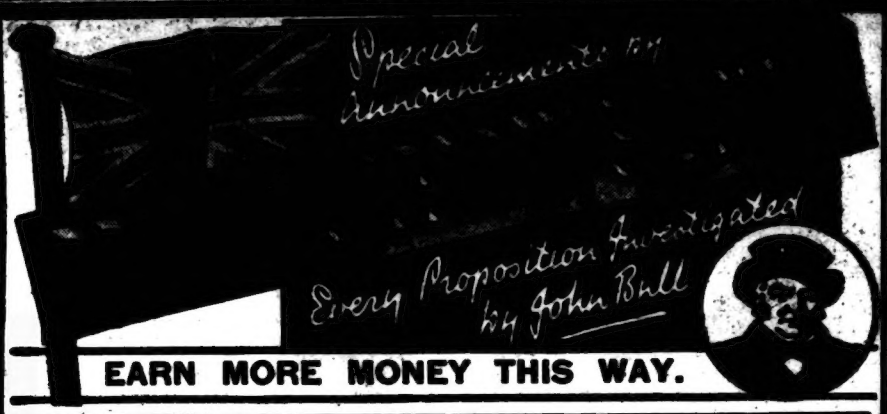

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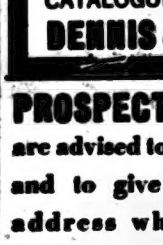

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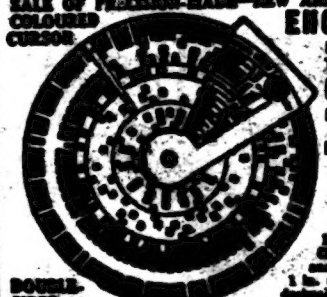

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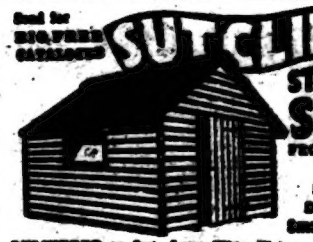

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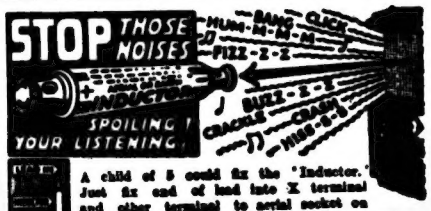

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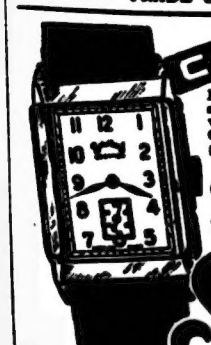

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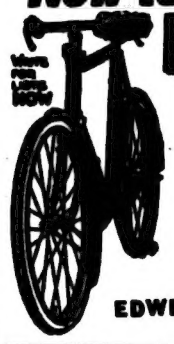

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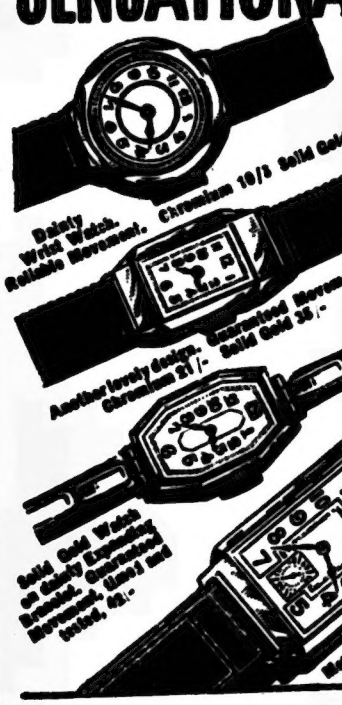
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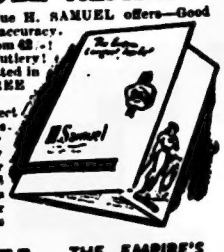

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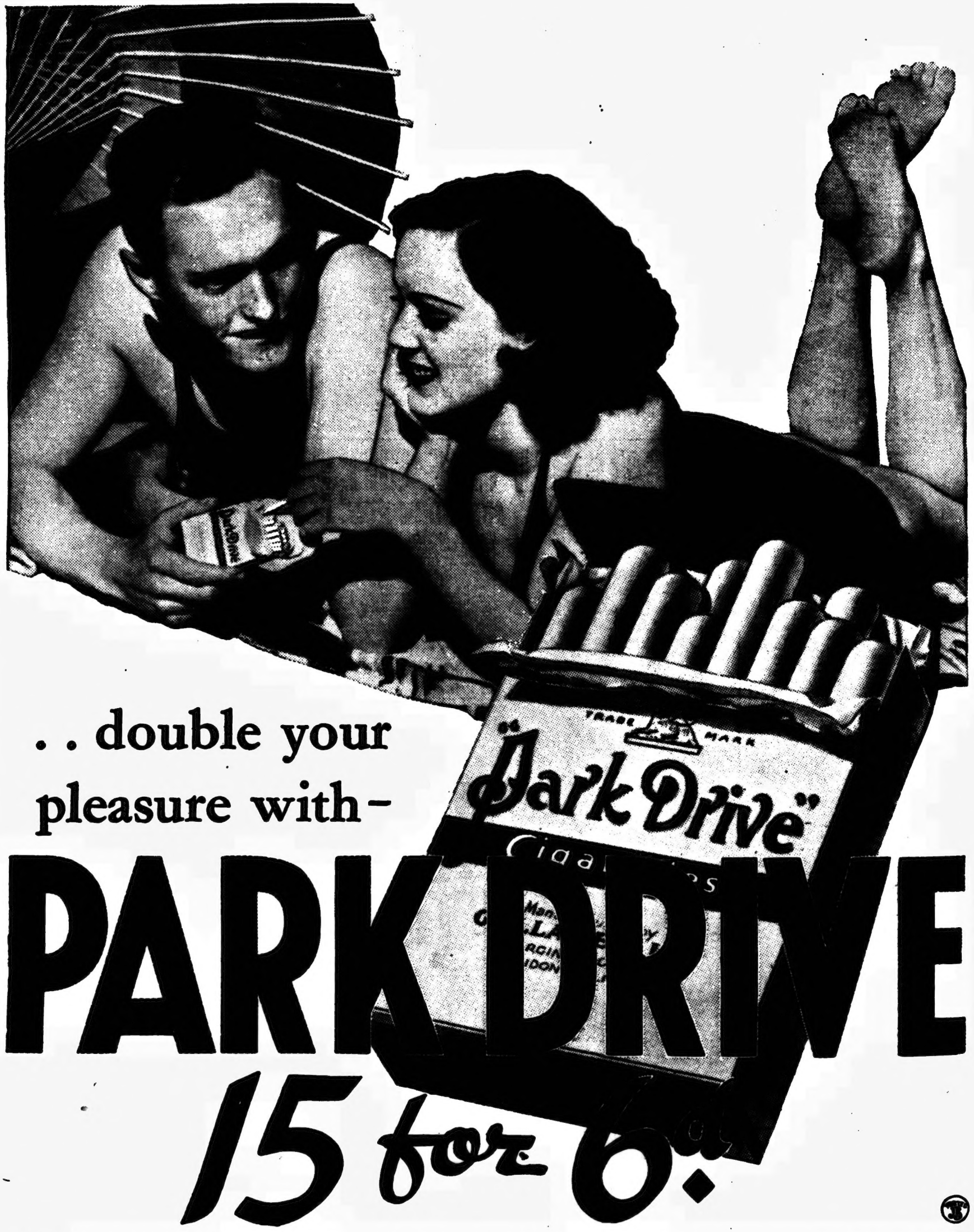

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Tell the people nothing. Muzzle the Press. Keep everything dark.

Breed rumours. Make mysteries. Tell the world that officialdom is Britain's master, not its servant.

Big Blaze

Latest proof of all this comes from Leeds.

Explosion occurred at a Ministry of Labour training centre. There was a blast of flames.

One man had his eyes seriously injured. Others had their clothes set on fire. An instructor gallantly dashed into the flaming generating house to shut off the gas and was severely burned.

Mystery-Mongering

Immediately the gates were locked. Information was refused to the crowd outside and to newspapermen.

Leeds Infirmary, where six or seven injured men were taken, received special instructions not to divulge even the names of the casualties.

Anxiety spread throughout the district. Imagine the suspense of people who had relatives at the centre!

Evil Grows

This case is of national importance. Hasn't the public a right to know facts about State institutions?

It's a big principle at stake. Remember the Sandys and Mullins affairs.

Remember the provincial reporter convicted for getting information about an ordinary police case. Think of the local councils who hold secret meetings.

Then you'll realise how the hush-hush tactics are growing.

Tell Us!

When publicity is undesirable, let the methods of East Ham police court be the model.

In an unsavoury case there, the court was cleared. But the Bench asked the Press to remain to represent the public, "which can therefore rest assured that justice will be done."

Otherwise, secrecy must be fought. Tell us every instance you come across. We'll arrange the publicity that some—not all—officials find so unpleasant.

Ups and Downs

Disquieting, too, are the latest unemployment and trade figures. The first are rising, the second falling.

Still, there's a bright side.

More gold is being produced. So commodity prices will rise, thus increasing the purchasing power of industrial countries and bringing more trade.

None the less, we shall continue to urge public work schemes until the curse of unemployment is lifted.

Build Anew

For a start, clear away the ruins of dead industries in South Wales and the North.

Encourage new industries to settle there, taking advantage of wonderful facilities and sterling workers who are now idle.

July's road toll, just revealed, points to a national scandal. Those 22,542 accidents can and should be reduced.

Build roads for 1939, not 1909. Build bridges. Improve ports. Save life, increase nation's assets.

Price of Middle Age

But stop the wicked exploitation of men who, not eligible for the "dole," are faced with the choice of Poor Law pittance or employers' pittance.

Most of them are middle-aged. Over-Forty-Five Association tells of ex-Service men offered 10s. a week on the pretext of "learning the business."

Make it an offence to pay less than a living wage!

Secret Husbands

Sympathise also with the plight of the ex-bank clerk who, dismissed when it was found that he had married young, has now slipped into crime.

We told you recently of "secret wives." There are many "secret husbands" as well.

Banks, insurance companies, big corporations, official services, have rules to prevent young men from marrying. In some cases thirty is the minimum age!

We say this is unwarrantable interference with private affairs. Let the intimidated join unions and get it ended!

All for Sixpence

Now, by way of contrast, consider two other victims of circumstances.

A Port of London policeman, who would have retired on pension next year, has sacrificed pension and job because he stole sixpennyworth of sugar.

A warehouseman has thrown away his livelihood for a shillingsworth of prawns.

Sad to think men should be ruined because of a single slip?

Yes, but they knew the risks. A policeman, especially, must be heavily punished if he betrays his trust.

Stop Pilfering

Pity them if you like. But reflect that the punishment was not inflicted by a merciless Law, but by themselves.

Pilfering is shockingly prevalent. That is why we give space to these examples.

Make the consequences widely known and you'll help to suppress the evil.

Another argument for publicity.

Fire Fools

Next, think of the social pests who rarely appear in the dock, and, when they do, get off lightly.

Five thousand trees in Suffolk have been destroyed because some fool threw away a cigarette end.

Drop a hint to people you see inviting danger on public heaths and woodlands.

You won't be a busybody by protecting your own interests and those of the whole nation.

Mothers' Helps

From the open air, we'll pass for a paragraph to indoor topics.

A scheme has been started at East Sheen, Surrey, to enable parents to leave children in the care of childless women for an occasional evening.

A boon to parents who need recreation, a boon to those eager "deputy mothers."

But it's said to be unwelcome. Mothers are jealous of letting others look after their offspring even for a few hours.

It Isn't True

If that's true of East Sheen, we know it isn't true of most suburbs and poorer districts.

Extend the plan to cover every district and we'll soon find it popular.

Bike Brainwave

Another sensible idea comes from the National Committee on Cycling. Cycle parks!

Places where cars may be left are not plentiful enough, but they're abundant compared with parking facilities for bikes.

Encourage youth to spend its leisure at the healthy seaside by establishing official, *safe* cycle stands. And thus reduce cycle thefts, which are giving the police so much trouble.

Only Five Died

More good news comes from the medical front via the American salient. Further benefits by treating lobar pneumonia with rabbit serum, instead of horse serum, are reported.

Of 69 patients treated, only five died—and those five were not given the serum until more than 90 days after onset of the disease.

It would be well to investigate that discovery on this side of the Atlantic.

Misfitting the Crime

Investigate, also, the frequent discrepancies between verdicts of coroners and magistrates in motoring cases.

Not to mention discrepancies between magistrates' sentences in similar cases—not only motoring offences.

Let justice be made to fit individual cases, yes. We don't want automatic penalties. But when circumstances are identical, highly differing penalties breed contempt and hatred of the Law.

Stuff to Give 'Em!

CONSTANT attention is being given by the Admiralty to what is called "Review of Service Conditions" in the Royal Navy.

Under the present "Review" more than four thousand requests and suggestions have been received from officers and men of the Fleet.

Then from time to time an order is issued and posted up in all ships—"Their Lordships have given decisions on the following requests."

In that way improvement is secured not only in major matters of pay and promotion, but in minor details of personal comfort as well.

During the present year £264,200 is to be spent on giving marriage allowances to officers of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, £730,800 on increased marriage allowances to naval ratings and better pay for special service ratings.

Avenues for promotion to commissions from the "Lower Deck" are being made far wider.

Great chances for promotion will come to ratings with the organisation of the Fleet Air Arm.

Suitable ratings will be able to train as pilots—which was not countenanced when the Fleet Air Arm was under the Air Ministry.

Although the Air Ministry non-commissioned pilots in the Air Force, they would not agree to pilots from the lower deck.

Now that is all altered. In addition, seamen are invited to volunteer as observers and air gunners.

● Reader R. B. Woodall, of Bassett, Southampton, "snapped" these monster petrol storage tanks painted silver and glistening in the sun—and wonders why we should present a possible enemy with such excellent targets.

Voice of the People

NORTHENDEN ROAD, Sale, which is planted with every native tree except the oak, is one of the finest roads in England—if its hedges were not so thick with deadly nightshade, that lurking peril for childhood.

I wrote to the County Council asking if they couldn't get this weed exterminated. They have replied that they have no powers to do so.—Henry Leigh, 79, Royton Avenue, Sale Moor, Manchester.

We find that because deadly nightshade is not injurious to agriculture it isn't included in the Noxious Weeds Act.

Ministry of Agriculture has been given no Parliamentary powers concerning it. "But perhaps Ministry of Health has?" said Agriculture Ministry brightly. We asked. No, Parliament hasn't given Health Ministry any powers either.

Children who eat these attractive berries die in agony—but what does that matter? It isn't injurious to agriculture!

Our Foreign Island

Ministry of Labour is telling certain people that they are disqualified from unemployment benefit between certain dates because they were at that time resident outside Great Britain.

These are people who went to the Isle of Man for a holiday. When did the Isle of Man cease to be part of Great Britain?—W. O., Ennismore Street, Burnley.

Although Britain purchased the sovereignty of the Isle of Man in 1765 for £70,000 down and instalments, £493,000 in all (Reason: To put down the smugglers there who were harassing us), the island still has a constitution and Government of its own. So, hard though it is, Ministry of Labour is right.

"Creepage"

It is a curious fact that if you take two lighted candles, blow out one, and then allow the smoke from the one that is burning to drift across the wick of the one that has just been extinguished, the flame will re-appear.

It isn't necessary to bring the extinguished wick in contact with the flame, or even the heat of the flame.—H. E. Ayling, 128, Fitzalan Road, Arundel.

Fire experts call this "creepage." Through "creepage" a fire in one part of a room can ignite petrol in another part. The phenomenon—which science doesn't thoroughly understand—is the cause of many outbreaks yearly.

● In a recent issue we invited comments on a problem-letter about "Two Boys." We promised to find space for the six best.

So great has been the response, however, both in volume and interest, that the whole of page 17 has been devoted to our readers' views.

Read them—and you'll agree they're worth it.

Best were from A. T. Underwood, 17, St. Laurence Road, Northfield, Birmingham; Councillor Sweet, 24, Rawden Place, Cardiff; J. W. Profitt, 27, Parliament Street, Middlesbrough, Yorks; A. E. Brook, 45, Bruce Road, Sheffield; W. M. Kempster, J.P., 36, Kingsley Road, Bedford; and R. Johnson, 83, Highfield Park, Maltby, Rotherham, Yorks, to all of whom payment has been sent.

Not Known . . .

Until recently there was in our district a house in which Oliver Cromwell is supposed to have lived. It is now being demolished.

"Is it right that Oliver Cromwell once lived here?" a friend of mine asked one of the workmen.

"I don't really know," said the workman, scratching his head. "But the Pardoes were the last to live here."—W. V. Evans, 47, Duke Street, Blackheath, Birmingham.

Sadder and Wiser

I am 15, and I was so pleased when I knew we were going to move from London to a place two miles from St. Albans. I thought of all the fun I would have in the wide open spaces.

And, do you know, I have been disillusioned. The open spaces are all surrounded with barbed wire, which leaves the boys of this growing district only roads to play in. We are far worse off than London children.—Master Norman Stokes, 12, West Avenue, Watford Road, St. Albans, Herts.

Millions of "country" children are far worse off than London children in this respect.

Contrast . . .

You probably won't print this, but on reading "The Name of Charity" on the Voice of the People page I feel amazed you could answer it with such piffle.

Let charity still begin at home.—Mr. H. W. Powell, 17, Novers Road, Bedminster, Bristol 3.

The letter referred to opposed British money being used to help foreign refugees. Our answer was to point out that, with a far-flung Empire such as ours, British subjects were always wanting foreign help—and we gave instances showing they invariably got it.

Now read the following contrasting letter—inspired by the same footnote.

My boy, a sailor, age 20, would now be at the bottom of the sea 80 miles off Panama if it were not for American help given without thought of race or boundaries. Later, ashore, he was given the unstinted hospitality of the American Red Cross.

Carry on, Eddie Cantor, in raising money for foreign refugees. Humanity is humanity—the whole world over.—Hilda Walker, 133, Reynoldson Street, Newland Avenue, Hull.

It's a Myth!

A friend of mine who has a relative in the police force tells me that constables are ordered to get a certain number of prosecutions within a prescribed time.

If this is true, surely it is hardly up to the standard of what we expect of British justice?—Mrs. B. Harrall, 316, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

We herewith have pleasure in exploding another hoary old legend. Far from it being true, we can say that there isn't a police force in the country in which recruits over-eager to bring in cases aren't brought to heel.

Early Birds

Grouse musn't be shot until "the glorious twelfth."

But hordes of wealthy people eat grouse on the twelfth, believing it is rushed by aeroplane from the moors.

Sometimes, I daresay, it is.

But night duty men at railway parcels offices between London and the moors will tell you of coded instructions received late on the evening of the eleventh to the effect that "shortly after midnight you will be receiving consignments of grouse from the North. Please facilitate delivery, etc." And shortly after midnight the grouse appears.—F. E. Barker, 62, Water Lane, Clifton, York.

Reputable hotels, etc., get aeroplane deliveries of grouse shot on the twelfth. But prices are so high that it would be strange, if there were no exploiters at work.

Adolphus Regrets

I have just learned that the Chinese have a system of giving their children "milk names"—names they are free to discard whenever they are old enough to adopt names of their own choosing.

What a blessing if we could adopt the idea here.—55, Rushby Street, Sheffield, 9.

And our reader's name? He signs himself Roy Adolphus Warmington Shaw.

"Right to Cheat"

Is it English law that if a man is fool enough to believe everything he is told any rogue is entitled to cheat him?

And is that the reason why you can buy processed cardboard as "real hide" and "genuine pigskin?"—John Brown, 73, Shaw, Melksham, Wilts.

One of the fundamental maxims of British justice is: "Let the buyer beware." But that doesn't give rogues the right to cheat. And such misrepresentation as Reader Brown describes is certainly illegal.

1d. 'Phone Calls

I come from New Zealand, where penny post still holds sway.

City telephone calls there are always 1d. Why should the fee be 2d. in London?—S. Baker, 35, Albany Street, London, N.W.1.

Twopence, indeed! Telephoning between two places on the Piccadilly line, just over six miles apart, costs fivepence, for three minutes.

We Want to Know—

What you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 13
Greatest of These— .... Page 21
Human Documents .... Page 33
True Story ..... Page 24

● Bulb-planting time is near again. You'll see a wide range of bowls in the shop windows.

So Reader Miss Iris Marsh, Marine House, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset, tells you with her camera of a really original idea.

What's in the pillow on which you rest your head?

The Peril in your Pillow

EVERYBODY goes to bed. But have you ever wondered what you sleep on?

A Departmental Committee of the Ministry of Health has just been appointed for the express purpose of finding out.

Shorn of official verbiage, its terms of reference are: "To consider whether the Rag Flock Acts, 1911 . . . are adequate to secure proper cleanliness of rag flock used for the manufacture of upholstery, bedding and other household furniture . . . and whether the provisions applicable should be applied to materials other than rag flock. . . ."

That does not sound very exciting. But there are some startling, even horrifying reasons for the appointment of this Committee which has come so quietly into being.

Facts which are as disturbing as anything ever brought to the notice of John Bull.

Facts which are known to the relatively few people who compose the furnishing trades, but which are entirely unknown to the general public.

★ Let us be quite clear. These facts do not reflect on the quality of merchandise sold by manufacturers and stores of repute. We pillory only a few of the more unscrupulous manufacturers of "cheap-jack" bedding and upholstery.

First—there is absolutely no legislation in this country to ensure the hygienic purity of fillings for bedding and upholstery, with the exception of the 1911 Acts.

Those Acts apply only to one type of filling—rag flocks—and you can drive a horse and cart through most of their provisions.

As legislation for the protection of the public health, they are a mockery.

Nearly every week there are prosecutions of unscrupulous manufacturers under the Acts, but there are seldom any convictions.

When there are, the penalty for packing unwashed filth into a mattress and selling it to the public at a handsome profit is usually a fine of £5.

An inspector walked into a Lancashire bedding factory and took a sample of flock.

It was found that the dirt standard was 200 times worse than the maximum tolerated under the statute.

The bedding manufacturer got out of it by blaming the flock manufacturer. He, in turn, claimed that the stuff was clean when it left his works—that it must have picked up the dirt elsewhere. Both evaded punishment.

That kind of "passing the buck" is common in these prosecutions. The Acts allow it.

★ In another case, some mattresses ready for delivery to the retailers were broken open. They were found to be packed with dirty, unwashed flocks.

But it appears that any action with regard to rag flock is restricted to the period before it forms part of the article.

Unbelievable as it may seem, once the flock has been made up into an article no action can be taken however unclean the filling material may be.

And so this manufacturer, too, escaped scot free.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

The inspection system is a farce.

Local health authorities care so little about the matter that out of 36 authorities in whose areas rag flock is made, only 16 bothered to take samples.

There are not nearly enough inspectors to go round.

But the final touch is implied in a recent statement by Manchester's Chief Sanitary Inspector.

He said that the mere fact that a flock merchant gives a "guarantee" that his product is clean by Government standards is sufficient to ensure immunity from sampling by the local inspectors when it reaches the bedding factory.

And that "some manufacturers have no compunction at all in giving a guarantee of cleanliness with the most filthy products."

They have everything to gain—a bigger margin of profit, more business from unscrupulous bedding factories.

And even if they are found out, which is unlikely, the penalty is trivial.

But rag flock is only one among many substances used as fillings for pillows, cushions, bedding and upholstery.

And with regard to these other substances like hair, feathers, jute, canvas and thread wastes, the position is infinitely worse. For they do not come under the Acts, or under any cleanliness standards whatsoever.

Every week ships come into the docks carrying tons of wire-baled, second-hand bedding garnered from the junk shops of the Continent and America.

In the United States it is forbidden to sell second-hand bedding, or to remake it, except under stringent and expensive precautions. So it is dumped over here.

Here is a letter from America to a Lancashire firm which makes quilts:—

"We note with interest that you are manufacturers of cotton wadding. We obtain old cotton linters from junkmen, who obtain it from old mattresses.

"You may find it most profitable to use, and we can ship from 50 to 100 tons monthly at most interesting prices."

What happens to this stuff, thrown out from hospitals, perhaps, or after years of use abroad?

According to statements now before the Departmental Committee, the greater part of the hair from old mattresses comes to certain firms in this country, and then, without any sterilisation or cleaning, it is "remade" into mattresses and cheap upholstery.

Health menace no one suspects!

The same thing happens with feathers and similar fillings for pillows and cushions.

This second-hand muck is not derived exclusively from abroad. There are plenty of firms who buy junk bedding from marine store dealers and ragmen and put the contents into new cases without precautions of any kind.

★ One investigator has traced a mattress on which an old woman, bedridden for many years, died.

Her home was sold up and the bed, with other articles, went to a second-hand dealer in a north country town.

The dealer sold the bedding to a rag collector. From his yard it was sold, baled up with similar articles, and sent to a firm of bedding manufacturers.

There it was broken down and the contents, mixed with other materials, went into a cheap line of "new" mattresses.

There are other upholstery and bedding fillings besides hair, feathers and flock where the uses, by some firms, are indescribably foul.

"Black fibre," for instance, which is a dyed grass and comes from Algeria. There are firms which dump it into the carding machines, dust, filth and all.

Workers in the trade have told John Bull investigators of filthy old canvas, salvaged from junk yards, which is used for "backing" without any cleansing at all.

★ Even old meat wrappers, from which the maggots had to be shaken out by workmen, have been used for the same purpose.

The upholstery trade itself is anxious to set its house in order, and has supplied John Bull with an ample dossier, of which, in this article, we have merely touched the fringe.

Without prejudging the findings of a Departmental Committee, we can at least demand that these essential points should be included in new legislation:—

(1) Control of the sale of all second-hand bedding.

(2) That no second-hand fillings may be used unless they have been sterilised and recarded, and bear a certificate to that effect by the local health authorities.

(3) That all "remade" bedding should be stamped as such, with the date of remaking.

Nothing less than these reforms will stamp out the menace to health that lurks in the nation's pillows.

The "RACKET-BUSTER"

AT last Thomas C. Dewey has indicted Jimmy Hines, the real Boss of Tammany. He is now waging the bitterest fight of a career which, in the last three years, has been directed incessantly against the organised graft and corruption of New York

Soon, if Hines is convicted, a small-town Michigan boy will be in direct line of succession as Republican candidate for the 1940 Presidency.

This Fall, Dewey may stand as Governor of New York State. The next step would be a long stride towards the White House—one made in seven-league boots.

Dewey, when I met him during the municipal elections in New York last year, surprised me by his shortness.

It seemed incredible that a man you would expect to be a giant in size, but really not more than half as big, could have smashed, in two years, the Vice Ring run by "Lucky" Luciano, who, living in luxury in a penthouse high on the top of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, was convicted of extorting a rake-off from every prostitute in the city.

When, turning from me, Dewey talked at an assistant, "Why wasn't it done?" I realised how his insistence on detail, his demand for implicit obedience, more than made up for lack of inches.

Not for many years has the United States, so full of opportunity, so rich in stories of young men who have risen to the top, produced a man like this.

Called in by Governor Lehman as Special Prosecuting Attorney because Tammany Hall's nominee had failed to convict any big racketeer, Dewey had behaved with such courage, such energy, such untiring zeal, that, in two years, he was even more discussed than was Edgar Hoover, Chief of the G Men.

"Lucky" Luciano had gone up the river to Sing Sing. Gangster after gangster dreaded by the entire city not many months before had been put away. And this short man with a pleasant voice had done it all!

I stood in the Broadway crowds jubilant the night when Dewey, after incessant campaigning, after many speeches on the air, all warning the voters sitting at home of the corruption in which they lived, had been elected as District Attorney, and with Mayor Fiorello La Guardia to back him up in all he wanted.

Big Man

Since then, Dewey has not wasted his time on the gunmen and the small fry. He has not worried about petty gangsters, or the small-time gunmen who held you up; no, not even the toughs who, if a restaurant would not pay graft, threw a stink bomb among the customers. He wanted the Big Man. The others were incidental.

Tammany, after controlling New York for twenty years, was the thing to smash, argued Dewey—Tammany in the person of Jimmy Hines, the hidden hand behind the nominal Boss, whom he appointed.

So Judge Pecora, who, in 1929, and again in 1933, was refused office as District Attorney by Jimmy Hines, is now trying the man who turned him down—trying him on charges of wholesale corruption.

Critics are saying that Dewey is speeding up the trial, conducting it, as usually would not be done, in the summer months so that next month, when the Republicans meet to nominate a Governor of New York State, Dewey, finally triumphant over Tammany, can be their choice.

It seems strange to us how Justice and Politics are mixed up in the States. But so it is.

Dewey has received a set-back, though. Last month Mayor La Guardia announced that he would not be a candidate for the Senatorship because "the people of New York elected me to do a job, that job and no other, and I'll stay to do that job."

This was a slap at any Governorial aspirations Dewey may have, for it meant that the people of New York had also elected Dewey to be a prosecutor, that his job was only beginning and that he should stay there until it was over.

Then two newspaper proprietors, who backed Dewey last November, have told him: "We will not back you for the Governorship because you have a job to do in the Prosecutor's office. Nowadays, the District Attorneyship of New York is more important than any Governor."

For months and months now, Dewey's office at the top of a skyscraper has been an informal prison. Small offenders taken there have been bullied and cajoled until they have given names higher up.

At first, fearing death, if they squealed, they have been silent. Then, cringing and tearful, they have said, "They'll abduct my daughter if I tell."

Day after day, and week after week, the inquisition has gone on. Usually in the end, a man has told. For months, the District Attorney's office has heard long stories of blackmail and intimidation that, for years, the victims have only talked of in their fitful sleep.

Yet to-day so changed is the situation that Dewey released "Dixie" Davis, one of the most notorious of all New York's gangsters, on condition that he, also, would tell.

Golden Crime

A year ago he would have had to be kept in prison until he entered the stand, for death at the hands of his fellow mobsmen, might await him outside. This year he walked freely about the New York streets, shadowed perhaps by police, but that is all.

"Crime is now a national industry," Dewey told me. "I am going to smash it. The big-shot gangster never does a criminal job himself. He lives in the best hotels. Often his children play perhaps even with my children in the park. We must get the master extortionists. We must get the master murderer. We must unmask the people who protect the criminal. We must go to the top."

All this is Front Page stuff—incidentally the build-up necessary for a man to do the big stuff in politics.

So Thomas C. Dewey may one day really go to the top himself—to the White House, I mean.

His Chance

A Republican of the old kind will never again be re-elected. The only man with a chance to fight Rooseveltism is a modern Conservative—and Dewey is that, not Socialist-minded, as is Mayor La Guardia, but a man who, although the American Labour Party obtained his election as District Attorney, is now accused by them of smashing fraudulent unions but leaving the grafting employers' associations just as they were.

They warned me of this last November. "We shall have to watch Dewey," they said. It has happened, they tell me, just as they thought.

Now Dewey, when I saw him, was the most hated man in the world of crime that history has ever known. Any stray bullet might have finished him off. Yet, so far as I could see, he took no precautions.

After a fearsome day at his office, or in the courts, he would go home and play the piano to his wife, and be a family man. You would have thought the whole street would be lined with police. But no, he walked around, boasting of what he had done, swanking of what he was going to do, carrying a gun, perhaps, but a gun that no one saw.

Well, Hines, as I write, is on trial. Tammany, its claws cut, out of office, entirely without the funds it used to raise by graft, now sees its real leader in the dock.

What will happen only the future can tell.

Anyway, Dewey is doing in New York City what Edgar Hoover is seeking to do in all the States of the Union.

They Dread Him

Hoover's power is limited by old-fashioned laws which keep the States apart, which often allow a witness to run away from New Jersey into Pennsylvania, say, so that a racketeer may "beat the rap." Dewey, in his own city, has absolute power.

At the age of thirty-five, he is so dreaded that a few weeks ago Julius Berg, a Tammany member of the New York State Senate, shot himself rather than give evidence about a £200,000-a-year extortion from taxicab proprietors.

He went into hospital, pleading heart trouble. Again Dewey summoned him to court, threatening arrest. He did not appear.

All night long, Berg and his wife talked. Once a lift-boy heard Mrs. Berg say, "What you should do is to spill everything."

"I can't," replied her husband. "There is too much involved. It might implicate some big men."

Then he blew out his brains.

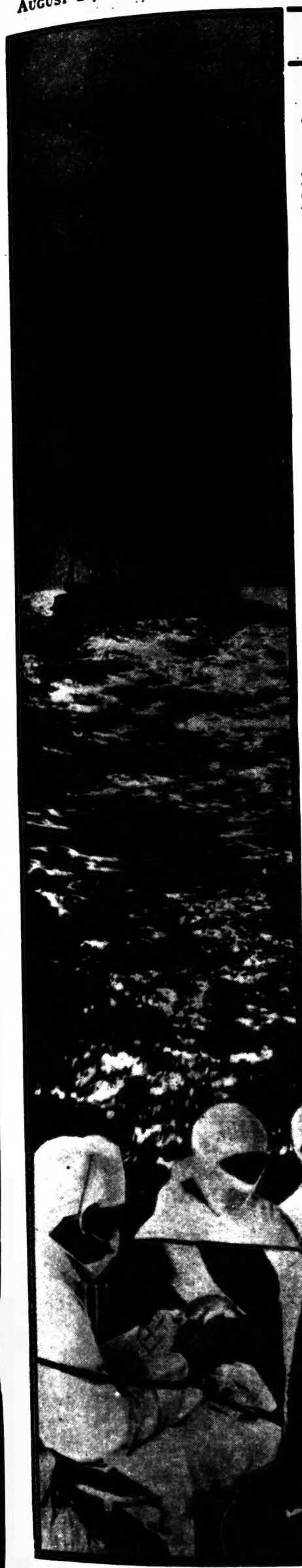
Berg had even been selling concessions for the World Fair. But Dewey didn't want Berg. He wanted the Man Higher Up. . . .

And Berg was afraid—of both of them.

Dewey, now attacking Tammany's Boss, doesn't worry about gunmen and toughs. He's after the big shots—yet takes no precautions against gangster vengeance

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW WHO'S WHO

Dramas of Our Great Hospitals



SOS

The splutter of the Morse signal sends a trawler racing for port . . . Racing to carry a father to the bedside of his child in Hull Royal Infirmary. Another drama is moving to its climax . . .

By a "John Bull" Investigator

"FROM Hell, Hull, and Halifax, Good Lord deliver us!"

A man in the compartment, reaching up to the luggage-rack for his coat and hat, cheerfully repeated the old tag as the train drew into Hull station.

As this was my first visit to the town, which should rightly be called Kingston-upon-Hull, the remark struck me as a little discouraging.

"What's the matter with Hull?" I asked, rising, too.

"All the people have got warts," said my fellow-traveller promptly, and, with a chuckle, left the train.

At the time I thought it was a joke, or one of those amiable exaggerations picked up by hearsay, and subsequently minted into a catchphrase.

But when I came to Hull's Royal Infirmary I found that there was in it a fair element of truth.

I was talking to one of the physicians, and asked whether the fishing industry, for which Hull is pre-eminent as a port, produced any distinctive kinds of ailment or accident, such as one might find, for instance, in the coalfields.

Bugbears

He answered that there was a good deal of blood-poisoning from cuts, scratches, and other wounds. Also that warts were prevalent.

On the hands of men engaged in handling fish he had seen some of the worst warts in his experience.

Not that he would like to say definitely that these were due to local conditions.

There had been no special investigation of the subject, nor, as far as he could tell, any need for one, although his private view was that there is necessarily some connection.

He did not regard warts as harmful, in any case.

This doctor added that he had noticed a similar tendency to blood-poisoning after cuts and scratches among butchers.

This news about Hull fishermen was quite a different matter from saying, as my fellow-passenger did, that the people of the city are more than commonly wart-conscious.

I should not like to help to spread any such legend.

What struck me instantly about Hull people, as I watched them in the streets and shops, is that so many of them are foreign-looking.

You notice types not seen anywhere else in this country. Blue eyes, corn-coloured hair—evidently the old Viking breed still comes through.

Others were Dutch types, blunt-faced and sleepy-eyed.

There is fairly obviously a congealing in this city, standing isolated on its wide shoulder of England, of many different strains.

The process leads foreigners, especially those from the Continent, to say that they feel less foreign here than in any other part of the British Isles.

This is oddly reflected in the routine of the Royal Infirmary.

Frequently they get foreign cases, men who have been taken ill or had accidents at sea.

Sympathy

Some are the victims of brawls and worse. Only a short time before my visit they had a Greek in with a knife between his shoulder-blades.

These foreign patients, those who cannot speak English, are invariably taught the language by local patients in the hospital—a practical form of sympathy that is surely peculiar to Hull, and much to its credit.

One Norwegian sailor claimed to have mastered our language in a little over a month, so thoroughly was he helped by the occupants of beds around him.

As the home port of deep-sea fishermen, hardiest of their race, Hull has often been the background of one of those human dramas presaged by the formal broadcast words: "Here is an S O S. Will John Smith, of the steam trawler *Golden Rose*, go at once to . . ."

No community waits for those ominous calls with more fervent attention than the trawler-men tossing out there in the darkness, night after night.

And the Royal Infirmary has played its part in many of these dramas.

Life Saving

Likewise, the fishermen themselves, when accident or sickness overtakes them at sea, look upon it as a specially merciful haven.

They have on their records at the Infirmary the case of a trawler-hand who, after a truly appalling accident, could not be got to land and the Royal Infirmary until three weeks afterwards, because of bad weather.

Even so, his life was saved by skilful nursing.

It is because of such devotion as this that the Hull Royal Infirmary has the most impressive lot of "gratitude" letters that I have seen in my hospital pilgrimages.

Reading them brought a lump to the throat, for they showed human character at its finest.

It is amazing how the hospital has won the loyalty and devotion of the people it serves.

Why, there are men and women in North Lincolnshire, away across the Humber, who would rather die in their homes than be taken to any hospital but the Royal Infirmary.

These people, when they are hurt or ill, have to be brought over by ferry.

Top Mark

In a fog this is a trying, if not hazardous, journey. Many patients make it gladly.

Such is the affection in which the Royal Infirmary is held over a wide countryside.

Last year the hospital dealt with just under a hundred and fifty thousand out-patient attendances alone, the highest in its long history—which began in 1784 with one hundred and ninety out-patients.

No record of the money help the Royal Infirmary has had from the public can be written without recourse to the names of T. R. Ferens, Sir James Reckitt, and Joseph Rank—shipping magnate, "blue" manufacturer, and miller respectively.

Their benefactions are known to every Hull citizen, and are part of the social history of the city.

Some doctors' names must go on the honour roll, too.

One of the Royal Infirmary's surgeons, Dr. Legge-Roe, was a great pioneer in the treatment of the eyes.

Proud Names

Dr. Mary Murdoch, a notable local character, lost her life through going out to help air-raid victims in a snowstorm during the war.

Then there is Dr. David Lowson, honorary surgeon to the hospital. He saved the life of a boy, desperately ill with diphtheria, by sucking the obstruction from the patient's throat.

This was heroism indeed. Dr. Lowson contracted the disease and nearly lost his own life. He was awarded the Albert Medal.

And now, just before I end, let me answer that crude litany which links Hull with Hell and Halifax.

It goes back to the days when Hull and Halifax decided to introduce the death penalty—and a very unpleasant form of it—in an effort to put an end to coining.

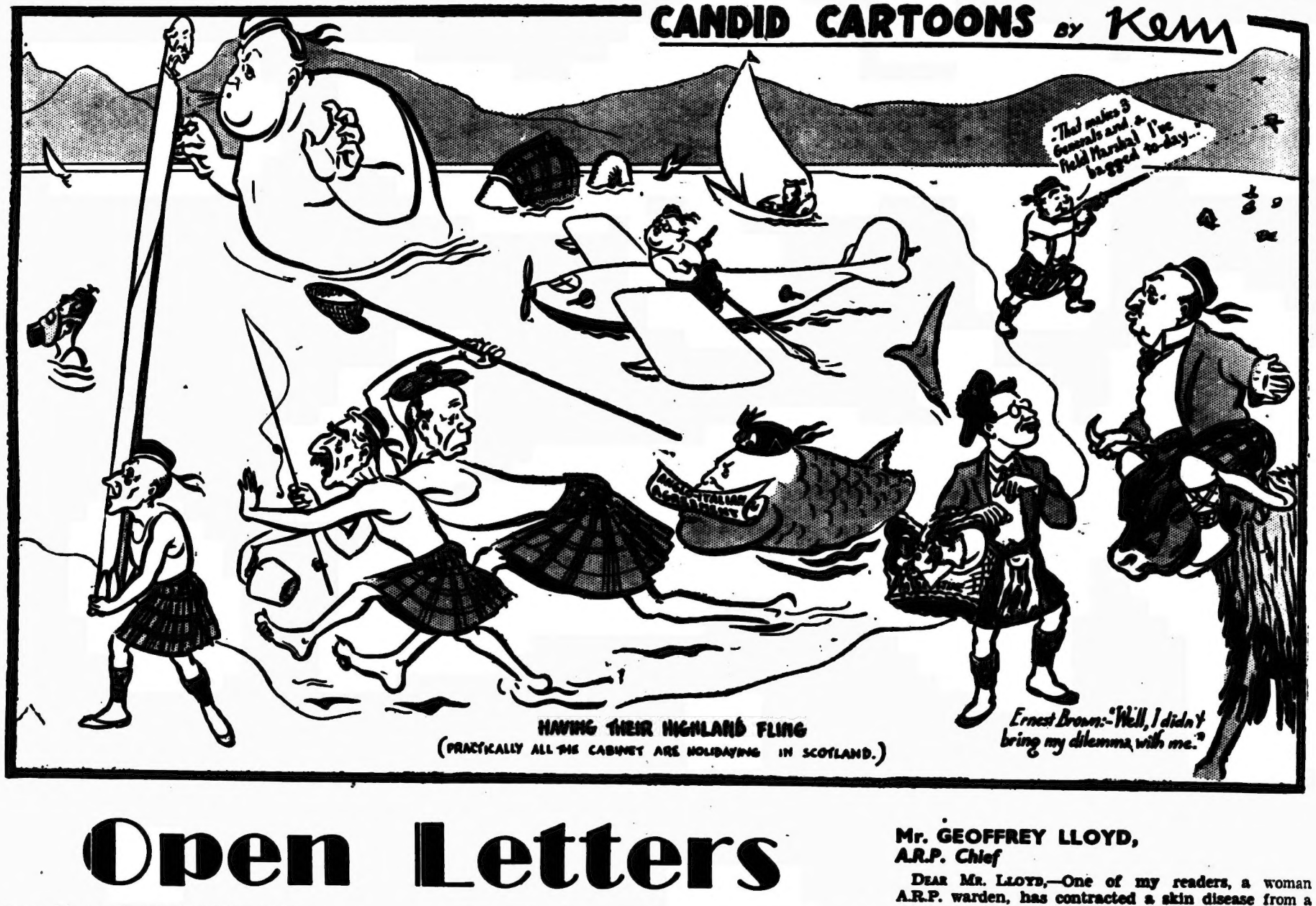
Hence the underworld's doggerel prayer.

But to-day Hull is a pleasant city imbued with progress.

Perhaps it has its black spots. Even so, if I were ill in Hull, I should not pray to be delivered from its Royal Infirmary.

NEXT WEEK: CARDIFF ROYAL INFIRMARY

Danger goes out to sea with the fishermen of Hull. But when Fate strikes and, back in dock, a still figure is carried on a stretcher over the gang-plank, the surgeons of the "Royal" give all their skill to save life and mend the victim of the sea's wrath


CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem
"That makes 3 Generals and a Field Marshal I've bagged today..."
Ernest Brown:-"Well, I didn't bring my dilemma with me."

HAVING THEIR HIGHLAND FLING
(PRACTICALLY ALL THE CABINET ARE HOLIDAYING IN SCOTLAND.)

Open Letters

Capt. H. F. C. CROOKSHANK, *Minister of Mines*

DEAR SIR,—In Northern mines the number of boys killed and injured is still far above the average for the rest of Britain.

The area inspector's report tells of lads crushed and maimed underground. He says that eight out of ten accidents were preventable.

"Deplorable," he comments. Damnable, in my opinion.

Strengthen safety regulations. Better still, forbid boy labour below ground, as most industrial countries have done for years.—JOHN BULL.

JACKIE BROWN, *Ex-Flyweight World Champion*

DEAR JACKIE,—You get little sympathy from me.

At the age of twenty-nine, you're penniless, heavily in debt. Unless you soon find a job, you'll have to draw public assistance.

But you earned £25,000 in the ring. You squandered it. You bought two cars a year, wore a twenty-five-guinea coat less than half a dozen times, and so on.

I hope you will find work. But my pity goes to those who have never had a chance to be thrifty.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. BEATRICE FROST, *American Home Expert*

DEAR MADAM,—Studying our housing, you say British homes have only one bathroom, whereas American houses of similar size have three.

That doesn't worry me. What I'm concerned about is getting *every* home fitted with a bathroom.

A block of tenements in East London, where a rent strike has just ended, has but one water tap on each floor. Twenty or more people have to use that tap for washing-up, laundering and personal ablutions.

In the provinces, a councillor says that working people should bath only once a fortnight.

Does that surprise you? It shames us.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. W. EDWARDS, *Sandford Street, Nottingham*

DEAR SIR,—The only decent thing in the war was comradeship. And one bright spot of the present time is that it still lives.

The other day you met an old Army friend in the police court. You found he was the man who had stolen your cycle. When he was fined £2, you paid it.

It would be impertinent to congratulate you. But don't be offended if I say that you display human nature at its best.—JOHN BULL.

Miss BEATRICE BEZANT, *National Union of Domestic Workers*

DEAR MADAM,—When I exposed the infamous slavery in many seaside boarding-houses, some of my readers—good mistresses themselves—thought I exaggerated.

You know better. In one case you quote, a girl of fourteen toiled 84 hours a week because she was afraid of losing the job. She was paid 10s. a week. Her time off was twenty minutes for lunch, ten for tea.

I'm glad your new union has already enrolled thousands of members. May their "Charter" of decent conditions soon become the common standard. —JOHN BULL.

Councillor I. J. HAYWARD, *London County Council*

DEAR SIR,—Go on setting the pace for the rest of Britain.

You say the L.C.C. is completing plans to enable every elementary schoolchild over ten to spend at least one day a week in a country playing-field.

That will do more to make young Londoners healthy than all the physic in the world. Every great town should hasten to prove that it will not be outdone in this respect even by the metropolis.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. F. DONMALL, *Secretary, B.B.B.C.*

DEAR MR. DONMALL,—Two boxing championship contests have been allowed to fritter out after the sporting public has been put to expense and inconvenience.

It is useless for your Board to fine Benny Lynch and John McGrory. Boxers have managers and pay trainers big fees to condition them into a certain weight by a certain date.

So, by fining a boxer who fails to make the weight, the Board shoots at a pigeon but hits a rook.

It claims to look after the wider interests of boxing. It should take a wider view of this overweight business and penalise all concerned.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, *A.R.P. Chief*

DEAR MR. LLOYD,—One of my readers, a woman A.R.P. warden, has contracted a skin disease from a gas mask. Now her little daughter has become infected.

She can get no compensation. Responsibility is disclaimed because, it is said, instructors have orders not to allow people with skin troubles to use a mask.

Well, my reader has made a test. The other day she went back to lectures, with her face showing clear sign of the disease and dabbed with starch. No effort was made to prevent her putting on a mask that later would be used by others!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, *Minister of Labour*

DEAR SIR,—A pity you won't allow the medical advisers of the Civil Service Clerical Association to visit the Ministry's huge establishment at Kew.

Sick leave there is very high. An official committee has recommended investigation. The staff alleges that the building is utterly unhealthy.

In these circumstances, common fairness demands that the workers' own doctors should have a say in the matter. So change your mind.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. G. L. B. BROOKE-HUNT, *Morden, Surrey*

REVEREND SIR,—Some of the youngsters in your district, it seems, are "pretty tough eggs." But they may turn somersaults in your church during school holidays. You won't turn them out.

The over-righteous will raise their hands in horror.

Let them. You will have the knowledge that you are fulfilling the wishes of your Master—"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

HOME SECRETARY: Mansion near Coalville burned down; firemen helpless for lack of water. And Coalville, population 25,000, has no fire engine. Speed up plans for national fire brigade system.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. MARK HODGSON, Boilermakers' Society: Not surprised that orders for liners abandoned because of dear materials. Price "rings" are reaping harvest; Cabinet promise to check them mere piecrust.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. ELLIOT: Blind men refused "blind pension at forty" because wives earn few shillings. The Meanest Test of all!—JOHN BULL.

A. G. Gardiner Looks at "The Man of To-morrow" and asks—

What Next, Mr. EDEN?

Mr. Eden has youth on his side—and stern experience

THERE was a very significant scene at the Glasgow Exhibition the other day.

World-famous visitors are an everyday occurrence at that great display of the resources of the British Empire, and demonstrations of welcome are common enough. Usually they are official and expected.

But on the occasion of which I speak there was a wholly unlooked-for and spontaneous ovation.

The word went round that a certain private Member of Parliament was among the tens of thousands of visitors, and thenceforward wherever he went he was the centre of extraordinary enthusiasm.

His tour of the Exhibition became a sort of triumphal progress, and the refrain that ran through the acclamation was:

"When are you coming back to politics?"

The visitor was Mr. Anthony Eden.

Wanted—A Leader

I refer to the incident because it illustrates two things—the widespread anxiety about the political outlook of this country and the remarkable impression which Mr. Eden has made on the public mind.

There is no need to stress the first point. Never was the landscape of Europe more menacing than it is to-day, and never was the future of this country more incalculable.

In such circumstances the need of a bold, instructed and imaginative leadership is urgent.

That leadership we have not got.

I say this without disrespect to Mr. Chamberlain, whose honesty, industry and public spirit are beyond question and whose efforts to preserve the peace of the world command the respect even of those who believe his policy to be mistaken.

But his limitations are flagrant. His vision is narrow, and he lacks the essence of supreme leadership—the power of touching the nation's mind to great issues.

Man of Power

Nor are his own deficiencies in these respects supplied by his colleagues.

He distrusts minds which outsoar his own restricted orbit, and, excepting perhaps Lord Halifax, his Cabinet contains no figure that touches the imagination of the public or enlarges and stimulates its thought.

Moreover, he is reaching that age limit which must in any case make his term of office brief.

It is these facts which explain the concern felt by all responsible minds about the national leadership in the immediate future.

If democracy is to survive in face of the tidal wave of dictatorship that has swept over Europe, it must show that it can bring the man of power to the seat of power.

If it cannot do this it is doomed.

In this quest of the leader of to-morrow no one has caught the eye of the discerning public so much as Mr. Eden.

His Courage

The circumstances of his sudden rise to the Foreign Secretaryship and his dramatic fall marked him at once as a man of courage and character.

He took up the office in that humiliating hour when the Hoare-Laval episode had sealed the fate of Abyssinia and shaken the whole structure of the League of Nations to its foundations.

He went out of office rather than be a party to Mr. Chamberlain's deal with Mussolini over Spain.

He believed that the Duce's demand for an Anglo-Italian pact was, in the language of Lord Cranbourne, "blackmail."

It was a threat of war with the alternative of surrender.

Under the disguise of a mutual agreement, which would reduce us to inaction on one side and strengthen his bargaining power with Hitler on the other, he could carry his adventure in Spain to a conclusion as successful as his adventure in Abyssinia.

I do not suppose that Mr. Chamberlain had any more illusions about Mussolini than Mr. Eden had, but in his eagerness to preserve the peace at any price he took the bait.

Scrap of Paper

Mr. Eden, believing that the only way to peace was a courageous and undeviating policy, insisted that withdrawal from Spain must precede negotiations for a pact. He was overruled and resigned.

Events have shown that he was right.

The pact remains a scrap of paper.

It was to come into force only when the Italian withdrawal from Spain, which is the condition of its ratification, had become a fact.

But Mussolini, so far from withdrawing from Spain, was never more actively engaged there.

He makes no concealment of this. He openly and brazenly boasts about it.

If Mr. Eden were a political adventurer, he could hardly fail to yield to the temptation to make personal capital out of this sorry business.

But he has not yielded. On the issue on which he broke with Mr. Chamberlain and on its consequences he has preserved an austere silence.

He "will not interfere with the man at the helm, nor spit on his deck"—to quote a remark attributed to Mr. Baldwin when he went out of office.

He has formed no "cave," headed no revolt, indulged in no "I told you so" dialectics.

He has resisted all appeals to challenge the leadership and policy of his chief.

But this does not mean that he has retired in despair or in dudgeon. He is biding his time and preparing for the task before him.

When he speaks in the House or in the country he avoids the burning issues with which his name is associated and devotes himself to questions which do not embitter his relations with his leader.

He has become one of the most industrious students of social and economic problems and I hear of him in connection with all sorts of groups which are discussing the larger political issues that loom ahead.

Peace Problems

Those issues are not confined to the immediate question of peace or war.

He sees that if, mercifully, the danger of war is avoided and the international situation clears up, every country, and this as much as any, will have to face domestic crises due to the demobilisation of industry and the change-over from armaments production to consumptive production.

Whatever the future has in store for us, whether peace or war, the tasks of statesmanship are going to call for an imaginative and enlightened understanding.

Hence the eagerness with which he is familiarising himself with the problems of labour, industrial organisation, unemployment and so on through the study of official records and intimate intercourse with all the accessible authorities.

Cool Head

He has youth on his side. But he has none of the impatience of youth and is entirely free (so far as I can see) from vanity and self-seeking.

The stern experience he has had in the past few years has given him an old head on his young shoulders.

He is always master of himself as well as of his subject.

No provocation ruffles his habitual courtesy, and whether at Geneva or in the House of Commons he states his case firmly and with a cool dispassionateness which convinces by its sincerity and absence of over-statement.

The Pilot

He is respected by men of all creeds and Parties and has no enemy outside the Chigi Palace at Rome.

There are those who would have him inaugurate a new Party. But he wisely holds aloof from such a course.

The immediate need of the nation is not for a new Party. It is the need of a man who can lead and inspire it.

When he is found, the Party will not be wanting.

There is a widening circle, not of one Party only, but of all Parties, who feel that in Anthony Eden we may find the pilot who can weather the storm in which we are engulfed.

Masterpieces of Detection

IT happens several times a year. . . .

A "Perfect Crime" is committed. Somewhere a murderer sits and chuckles as he reads of detectives following false trails or arresting an innocent man.

Eventually, however, the detectives close in upon him. A shred of tweed, a speck of dust, or a matchstick, has put them at last on the right path.

The Perfect Crime, in fact, has been solved by a perfect piece of detective work.

It is of such Masterpieces of Detection that a great new series, starting in our next issue, will tell you.

The author is the famous criminologist Louis S. Mansfield, whose writings on the subject in which he specialises have won for him a world-wide reputation.

In the most unexpected places

Illustrated below — Watendlath, a beautiful hamlet near Keswick. "Player's" can be purchased at this old house which is reputed to be the home of Judith Paris, the heroine in Sir Hugh Walpole's novel of that name.

Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . . in the most unexpected places . . . . The vast demand which makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends—Cork-tipped or Plain.

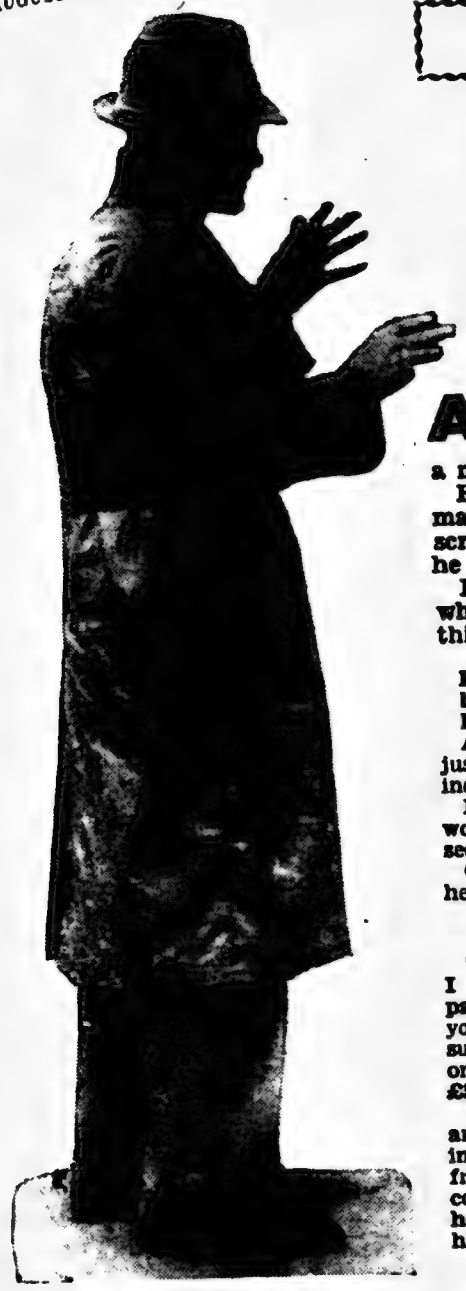
Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" • CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN 10 for 6d. 20 for 11¼d.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER

Postal Snare For the Sick



The "Miracle Man" in a characteristic pose

A YOUNG Irishman named Tom Campbell, of Andover Road, Islington, London, N.7, has for some time received considerable publicity as a man with a magic touch.

He claims to have alleviated many ailments, even made cripples walk, and he has been lavishly described as a "miracle man." In his own literature he is described as "The World's Greatest Mystic."

I have so often been amazed by the ease with which some people are impressed by this kind of thing that I have nearly wearied of warning them.

When, however, I find that this Irishman is offering to cure cancer by post I think it is time to deal with him.

A London reader whose fiancée has just been discharged from hospital with incurable cancer read about Campbell.

He wrote and asked if he thought it would be any use arranging for him to see his fiancée.

Campbell replied that he regretted he could not make a personal visit.

★ ★ ★

"I am overwhelmed with work, and I have thousands of corresponding patients to deal with," he stated. "If you desire," he added, "I can treat her successfully by post. . . . I can send you one month's treatment for a fee of £5 5s."

Apart from the manifest absurdity and danger of such a proposal, I notice in published reports that Campbell has frequently stated that he would never commercialise his gift, because if he did he feared it might be taken away from him.

I have before me also a handbill announcing his appearance twice nightly on the stage at a Hornsey cinema last January.

Tom Campbell

A pamphlet issued by Campbell quotes a letter from Mr. Harry Price, honorary secretary of the "University of London Council for Psychical Investigation."

In it Mr. Price says: "Properly staged, Mr. Campbell would be able to give really excellent shows of *popular hypnotism*." The italics are mine.

Confined to this sphere this "Miracle Man's" activities probably would be good entertainment.

But when they extend to buoying up the hopes of people suffering from dreadful scourges like cancer—and that by postal treatment—the whole thing becomes a grave scandal.

★ ★ ★

If his claim in the letter I have quoted is true, thousands of persons are clinging pathetically to these hopeless postal straws.

Cases like this show how urgently a law is needed to end the menace once for all.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

TOUTING organisations with offers of "free" legal advice continue to flourish.

One of the most notorious, the United Claims Association, of Bartlett's Buildings, London, is making a new drive to secure members.

For one shilling a year they promise almost anything, and include husband, wife and family.

Don't be fooled. You will be much safer in consulting a solicitor.

Trap for Nurses

NEW complaints are reaching me about Captain Frederick Russell and his domestic agencies bluff.

It all emanates from The Multiple Domestic Agencies, Western Road, Hove, Sussex, and, as I have revealed, the object is to trap women, often retired nurses, to invest their savings to become manageresses.

Many find they soon lose the appointment under some pretext or other.

Recently Russell was ordered at Brighton County Court to refund £50 to one woman. Others have not been so lucky.

"Free" Samples

DON'T bother with advertisements asking for men with selling experience to call on Mr. Smith, 178, Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

Applicants are told that he represents the J. R. Watkins Company of Canada, and find they are expected to peddle cigarettes, groceries and toilet requisites at prices far above their value.

Moreover, they have to pay in advance for the goods they take out—and pay for samples they are expected to give away free!

Garden Racket

A FRAUD which seems niggling, but is very widespread, is being carried out by a band of mean crooks.

Purporting to represent well-known firms, they offer to improve gardens with turf, paving, shrubs, and so on. Prices quoted are temptingly cheap.

They obtain deposits ranging from five shillings to one pound and disappear.

One of them, Ernest Clive Crawford, who has been very active in the Manchester district, has been to jail many times.

Another Fee Ramp

CIRCULARS are going out all over the country from W. J. Ballard, of York House, South Norwood, London, S.E., offering to teach people how to run a mail order business.

"Be your own master" is one of his slogans. An outlay of a few shillings will easily yield two hundred pounds a year is another of his claims.

Don't pay any attention to him. Your fee of two pounds two shillings is all he wants.

Tailpiece

THESE extracts from readers' letters speak for themselves:—

"Your warning about mock auctions at seaside resorts was sound advice for twopence. Have just seen holiday makers at Skegness pay fifteen shillings for clocks and other articles of inferior quality."

"Many thanks for your timely advice about Dr. MacGregor Reid. My advertisement seeking a sound investment brought the bait you exposed."

"Father Gabriel's" Long, Long Trail of Fraud

IF there were medals for the most cunning impostors, a man calling himself "The Rev. Father Gabriel" would have a whole row of them.

He has journeyed through this country in great style collecting money for mythical foreign missions.

Everywhere he has behaved with such cool cheek that the most unlikely people have been swindled.

Now he is being sought by the police throughout Britain and on the Continent. Large sums of money have fallen into his net.

★ ★ ★

Wearing the robes of a priest, he travelled in a magnificent car with a liveried chauffeur.

His disguise was flawless. Tall, a little stout, genial ruddy countenance, he speaks many languages with impressive deliberation.

At times he told people that he had come from a retreat in the Tibetan fastnesses. To others he explained he had once been at Buckfast Abbey, in Devon. His background was always changing.

There was never any variation, though, in the fable that he was touring the world to collect funds for foreign missions.

One was supposed to be for lepers and another for incurable cripples in the East.

His elaborate equipment included cleverly faked letters purporting to vouch for his *bona fides*.

Collecting books, in which he ostentatiously entered all donations, seemed perfectly genuine.

Before coming here Gabriel obtained thousands of pounds by the same means in Ireland. Before that he made big hauls in France and Germany.

He had to work quickly in this country because he knew the Irish police were on his track.

Everything appeared to be going splendidly for him over there when a little slip aroused suspicion.

He had been entertained in Cavan, Derry and Donegal. One day a priest invited him to celebrate Mass in the seaside town where he was staying.

Being unable to produce his certificate of ordination, he made some stupid excuse and slipped away hurriedly to another town.

★ ★ ★

Further enquiries by some of the people from whom he had obtained substantial subscriptions increased their suspicions. But before it became certain that he was a fraud he had completed his swindling tour of Britain.

Though he knew that at any moment information from Ireland might put the police on his trail over here, he never once appeared nervous or ruffled.

Only three weeks ago he was in Lincoln daring pitfalls which would be more likely to trap a religious impostor in a cathedral city than anywhere else.

Now that his career has been probed it has been established that he is one of the biggest hypocrites known to the Continental police.

★ ★ ★

He was born in France and has several times been in jail there. He has also been imprisoned here for other kinds of frauds.

Religious authorities throughout the country have issued warnings about him.

Be on your guard. This cheat is never at a loss for a new disguise.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

The £1 1s. is awarded this week to a West Country reader for information which helped me considerably in an important enquiry.

He does not wish his name and address to be published.

FOR SMALL TRADERS. SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY 120 asstd. articles. 10/- 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

FREE ILLUS PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS. Dept. A., 29, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3

EASY MONEY CAN BE EARNED SELLING DRAPERY. Send p.c. for Illus. Wholesale Catlgs. —ARCHERS 42/43, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

QUICK Sellers for small retailers. Earn big profits. Ladies' and Gent's wear. Over 300 asstd. lines. Catlg. FREE.—Nathan & Passoff, Dept. J.B., 47, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE Goods to Sell, every kind. Easy terms. Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 144-page Catlg. free.—MAY (123), Birmingham.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wtd. Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest comm. No outlay. Choca., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wires for Agents. Send for Catalogue and partics.—Eatons (Dept. "B.A."), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Biggest commission. Handsome free Gift, Big Cash Prizes. Cat. free. —F. J. TATE, 36, Neville Street, Leeds, 1.

AGENTS WANTED—LARGEST CASH COMMISSION. Lovely presents to all Agents. Also special present, value 4 gns. Monstre Art Catalogue, illustrating nearly 2,000 lines of Household Goods, Cutlery, Jewellery, Drapery, Toys, Dolls, etc. All leading Chocolate lines. Catalogue supplied free. Send to-day to DENNIS & CO., Dept. 72, Colne, Lancs.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big cash profits. Free Gifts. Huge coloured art catalogue of chocolates, toys, fancy goods, wines, etc. No outlay. Start earning right away. Free outfit and particulars from Shield Xmas Club (Dept. 14), Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Terry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods. Xmas GIFT every agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.c. brings Wonderful Catalogue & Comm. Terms. —Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWENS, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

CHRISTMAS Club Agents wanted for the oldest, largest and best club. New catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent comm. Free gift to every applicant for partics.—Samuel Driver, Ltd., Marshall Street, Leeds.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER - GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, Dept. A., BALMORAL WORKS, BLACKBURN.

XMAS AGENTS—£5 Cash Prizes. Lovely Free Gifts. Secret Consolation Prizes. Tip-top Commissions. Finest quality lines by famous makers. No outlay. Catalogue and partics. free.—Marvel Gift Club, Dept. 76, Thorpe, Wakefield.

A BEAUTIFUL FREE GIFT awaits every Agent for the FAMOUS "VICTORIA" Private Christmas Cards. LOVELY NEW SERIES now ready contains BIG RANGE OF NEAT & BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, WITH MANY STRIKING FEATURES IN MAJOLICA, TAPESTRY, ART WOOD, NOVELTY YACHT, BLOTTERS, DIARIES, SUPERB CALENDARS, etc. BRITAIN'S LARGEST XMAS CARD EXPERTS offer you this REMARKABLE BOOK FREE. Unbeatable commission and prizes.
JONES, WILLIAMS & CO.,
Dept. 63
VICTORIA WORKS, PRESTON.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS.—Send for super cat. Toys, Sweets, Jewell., Tob. Wines, etc. Free gift offer to all applicants.—Dept. A., WATSON, Cherry Row, Leeds, 9.

ACTUAL MAKERS offer FREE and CARRIAGE PAID the Famous CASTLE SERIES Sample Book of Private Christmas Cards. Contains exclusive Calendars, Coloured Oleos, Flower and Dog Studies, and "Just that Something New" which secures the Orders. HIGHEST COMMISSION and PRIZES. £10 upwards easily earned by enterprising Agents. — Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 80, Anchor Court, Preston.

AGENTS WANTED, PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. MOST SUCCESSFUL MANUFACTURERS OFFER, CARRIAGE PAID, WORLD-FAMED "ORIENT" Sample Book of copyright designs. YEARS AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION! UNIQUE and CHARMING CALENDARS, DELIGHTFUL ANIMAL STUDIES, BOOKMARK, BLOTTER BOOK, POCKET DIARY, 52-PAGE ENGAGEMENTS DIARY, and finest collection of BEAUTIFUL GREETING CARDS (including design for Hikers) and Novelties ever published. Our 1938 NEW FEATURES will surprise you! This amazing Book will double your profits. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES FOR ALL.
HAMILTON'S, ORIENT WORKS, DEPT. 119, BLACKBURN.

A SOUND AGENCY.
You want a sound way of making extra money. We offer you an Agency for the FAMOUS "CITY" PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE BOOK supplied FREE. Splendid COMMISSION and PRIZES. An agreeable and profitable job without delay. Apply now.—THE PRIVATE XMAS CARD MFG. CO. (Dept. 5), St. Simon Street, MANCHESTER, 3.

"I DREAMT I DWELT
IN MARBLE HALLS."
the star of last year's Royal Academy, is one of the many exclusive features of the world-famed "Snowball" Christmas Card new productions. The "Snowball" always offers the public something different. Apply now for this amazing book. You will be thrilled by its 30 pages of Calendars and Cards. Etchings, Bookmarks, diaries and cut-out novelties. Our pocket cards, too, are a revelation in values. Enrol now. Everything free.—M.P.A. Assen., Ltd., Dept. A., Ribble Bank Mills, Preston.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 10s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 30s.

10/- IN EVERY £ COM.
Agents wanted. Novelty Private Greeting Cards and Calendars of distinction. Make big money. No experience, either sex. Full instructions. — The Sunshine Publishing Co., Dept. 1, 8, Bayer Street, London, E.C.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.
Men with some mechanical knowledge or of good education required for enlistment and training as FLIGHT MECHANICS or FLIGHT RIGGERS. Age limit, 17½ to 35. Write or call. —R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, W.C.2

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required) Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 537), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

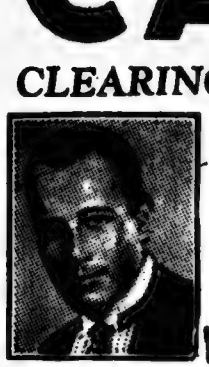
ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key Position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training: we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES (both sexes), aged 16 to 23; no experience. For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply, B.T.I., Dept. 531), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service. FREE. Dept. A.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CATARRH

CLEARING THE NOSE IS NOT ENOUGH!



I guarantee to clear it from your system in less than a month!

OR I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY *IN FULL!*

THOUSANDS are walking about with deadly catarrh and don't know it. Thousands are treating "symptoms" and imagine they are treating the "complaint." I will tell you where they are wrong with my new sample test. You can wash your nose with the best spray that was ever made—you can use worthless inhalants and medicaments and still be miles from treating the source of this dangerous disease. Don't be under any illusion. Catarrh, with the complications that follow, is a very serious trouble. It is so tenacious, that every day you leave it, the deadly virulent mucus that drops from the throat to bronchial tubes, stomach and bowels is reinfecting the whole system.

Nose is blocked.
YOU HAVE HEAD NOISES.
YOUR HEARING IS FAILING.
Mucus drops in your throat.
You have loose cough.
Breathing difficult.
You catch cold easily.
Your breath is foul.
Your throat is sore.
YOU ARE SUBJECT TO HAY FEVER.
You get headache.
Your memory is failing.
You tire quickly.
Your tongue is coated.
You have pains after eating.
You are constipated.
You mouth-breathe.
BEWARE!

AMAZING SUCCESS OF MY HERBAL DISCOVERY

I have discovered a simple but wonderful herb which forms part of my proven balanced five-fold treatment of all forms of dangerous catarrh.
Don't delay another minute, fill in coupon below and I will show you a simple, inexpensive and rational method of tackling this great problem once and for all. Never mind what you have tried or your previous disappointments, my plan is based on a "no relief, no pay" principle so that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

WHAT I DID FOR OTHERS—I CAN DO FOR YOU

"I have suffered a long time through catarrh and indigestion, etc., but now they have all vanished. Thanks for your treatment, and the Special Instructions they have worked wonderful." W. A., 14/7/37.

"With regard to the present state of health of my Wife, she seems vastly better all round and appears to have no trace of her former symptoms. She has now much energy which she had previously lacked, and is now able to do her normal amount of daily work instead of, as formerly, suffering agonising headaches and other consequences of long-standing catarrh." H. P., Anerley, 19/7/37.

"Since I started your treatment a month ago my Catarrh has left my nose and my throat is improving. It is a marvellous cure." A. L., 5/7/37.

"You have done more for me in 3 weeks than my panel doctor did in 6 months. I can eat better, breathing better, less stomach trouble. In fact it's some time since I felt like this." H. H., 28/6/37.

"I have the confidence to state that you have found the cure which I have been told is unknown." R. T. C., 12/8/37.

Originals may be inspected at my Consulting rooms.

SEND FOR FREE TEST SAMPLE

To ANGUS SINCLAIR (Dept. J.B.10),
63/64, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me free sample test with full directions and Treatise Booklet. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage. (Optional.)

NAME.....
PIN 1½d. STAMP HERE.
ADDRESS.....

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 501), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year, ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS.—Excellent pay and prospects, with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply C.O. (Dept. 473), 235, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance Exams., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

DRAUGHTSMEN. Numerous vacancies in Electrical, Mechanical, Structural and other branches of Engineering, Building, G.P.O., etc., for men aged 17-40. Exp unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, etc., FREE from N.I.E. (Dept. 362), Staple Inn Buildings, LONDON, W.C.1.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ARE YOU TIRED OF POORLY PAID ROUTINE WORK? If so, why not be a Salesman? We are regularly introducing our Trained Students to SALARIED POSTS AS OUTDOOR SALESMEN. You can qualify for this well-paid, progressive work by spare-time home study, after which we will introduce you to Salaried Posts.—Write for Free Copy of 32-page Book, "Salesmanship," to the Wallace Attwood College, Ltd., Dept. 19, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1938 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-35) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE OFFICERS. Start £3 8s. weekly, rising to £570 p.a. with pension. Interesting outdoor occupation. No exp. requd. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 80), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY; there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Courses will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Mags., Catlgs., Folders, Circulars, Posters, Handbills, Duplicating, Books. Samples 3d. Established 1868.—Mead & Son, Sandy, Beds.

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 200 2/6, 1,000 5/9. Handbills, Scentcards, Laundry Tags. Samps.—Tices, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 62, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPER SALE. Bargain Pattern Books Post Free. Britain's Best Value.—J. B. Bruce & Hall, Frederick St., South Shields.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 Patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

DO Your Timber Jobs in the wood that outlasts oak itself! We will supply you with genuine Western Red Cedar, Ready Cut and Milled to standard timber sizes. This means you can do your fences, outbuildings, etc., in this tested ROT-PROOF Cedar—the wood which requires NO PAINTING or PRESERVING. Saves £ £ £'s on repairs and depreciation. Any quantity supplied.—Write for free lists to R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

WRITE for full particulars of the new Murphy Television Sets from £30, as illustrated on page 29.

GARDENING.

NEW PORTABLE BUILDINGS, all shapes and sizes, in Deal, Cedar and Elm.—List (J.B.) Free.—Alberts, 187, Brixton Hill, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (329M.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS & Headaches successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

STOMACH TROUBLES AND SKIN DISEASES cured by Herbal Science. Norths "Herbia" Stomach Powder has definitely conquered Indigestion. Do not dread meal times. Send for this remedy now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 2d. and 3d. post). Norths "Heelit" Ointment is a new discovery and definitely cures. Deals effectively with Psoriasis, Eczema, Eruptions, Itch, etc., etc. Do not delay. Send now. Price 1/3 and 3/- (plus 1½d. and 2½d. postage). Obtainable from Norths Dispensaries (Dept. 4), 15, Whitehouses, Mytholmroyd, Yorkshire.

SIMPKINS Fruitilax Ends Constipation. This modern laxative ensures natural, regular and painless bowel movement. NO phenolphalein used. From Chemists everywhere, or send 4d. for generous introductory sample to Simpkins, Barley Sugar Works, Sheffield, 6.

One of the most outstanding offers ever made. Turn to the Shadforth Prescription announcement on page 33.

READERS are invited to send for free sample test of an effective Catarrh treatment for home use. Send coupon in display advert. on this page with 1½d. stamps if you wish.

HEALTHY legs for all! Don't let leg troubles cripple you. Send for free sample and booklet. See p. 31.

SPECIAL free offer. A fascinating 50-page book on how to add weight, banish stomach troubles, rheumatism, etc. See page 34.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A SAMPLE tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 67/167, Euthymol, 80, Beak St., London, W.1. See p. 32.

HAVE You Seen the Latest Cossor Radio? It's the greatest value ever. Fill in the coupon on the Front Cover or Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for free latest 16-page catalogue, to A. C. Cossor, Ltd., Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

FREE Cash Prizes. £35 in prizes are offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick on page 29.

FREE!—Send a p.c. to Odol (Dept. J.B.24), Norwich, and a free trial sample of this famous dentifrice will be sent to you by return. See p. 34.

FREE.—The makers of Robin Starch have published an interesting little booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." Simply fill in the coupon on page 25 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 611, Hull.

MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt. — Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon., for free Booklet and further parties. See advt. on p. 32.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier (continued)

"Angel Child" Victim of Mystery Motorist

INVESTIGATIONS I have made into the death of a five-year-old boy at Campsea Ash, Woodbridge, Suffolk, leave no doubt that fresh efforts must be made at once to solve the mystery.

Little Philip Newman, whose parents live at No. 1, Council House, Campsea, was killed by a motor-car.

The inquest has left the whole matter in the air with an open verdict. There was even some suggestion that the child had fallen down a roadside bank, but I am satisfied that he was run over.

The driver of the car must be traced.

Philip was the most popular child in the village. Just recently he had become known as "The Angel Child," because only a few weeks before his death he took that part in a Biblical play.

On June 17, Rosie Smith, one of Philip's playmates, rushed into his home and cried, "Oh, Mrs. Newman, come quickly. A man just told me that a little boy was lying down the road asleep or something, and when I went to see, it was Philip. He doesn't speak and he looks funny."

Mrs. Newman found her child lying by the wayside about one hundred yards from the house.

His face was covered with blood and one shoe had been wrenched off. His skull was fractured.

With the help of another woman she carried him home. A doctor was called and the child taken to Ipswich Hospital, fifteen miles away.

Everything possible was done, but Philip died early the next morning without regaining consciousness.

★

Shortly after Philip was found on the road a friend of his, Keith Holmes, had run into his home and told his mother:

"We were walking home from school. A big black car came up from behind and hit my face and ear. The front part caught Philip and carried him along. Then he fell from the car and rolled over on the grass.

"The car went on without stopping. I called 'Philip, wake up!' . . . but he didn't answer."

Injuries to Keith's face, which had to be treated by a doctor, bore out his story.

Later, William Frost, a farmer, told of his experience, which was further corroboration.

Higher up the road he had to squeeze himself into the hedge to avoid being knocked down by a big black car.

The inquest on Philip opened on June 20 and was adjourned until nine days later, when a woman motorist was questioned.

★

There was, however, no evidence to connect her with the tragedy, and the "open verdict" was returned.

It was a police witness who suggested that the boy had rolled down the roadside bank. This is ridiculous in view of the other evidence to which I have referred.

The East Suffolk police must go on searching until the person responsible for the death of Philip Newman is brought to justice.

Little Philip Newman (extreme left) playing his part as an angel

WHY A MAN TOOK HIS LIFE

JOHN THOMAS WHITTAKER, a fifty-two-year-old Yorkshire farm labourer, was gassed in the war and, though he had suffered ever since, did not grumble.

It was a struggle to keep his wife and nine children on his wage of 30s. a week, but he would never ask anyone to lend him a penny.

One day he arrived home to find that his family had been evicted from a council house at Knottingley because arrears of rent had not been paid.

That night he committed suicide.

"A tragedy of misunderstanding" is the way those concerned in the eviction are now describing it.

★

Mrs. Whittaker apparently had been afraid to tell her husband that a county court order had been made for the payment of rent arrears at 2s. 6d. a week in addition to the rent of 8s. 7d. For the same reason she did not appear in court.

This may be, but it should have been someone's business to acquaint the Court with the position of the Whittaker family.

It must have been known that the eviction decision meant throwing a hard-working woman and her nine children into the street.

★

Now efforts are being made in various ways to help them. That's a good thing, but it will not bring back the husband and father.

It is the duty of the local council to investigate the whole appalling affair and make sure that their officials are never again allowed to cause such suffering by red-tape procedure.

Another council housing tragedy brought to my notice is the case of William Gadd, of Ash Common, Ash Priors, near Taunton, Somerset.

Badly wounded in the war, he was only able to earn a little money by casual labour to supplement his pension of £1 a week.

The house in which he had lived for ten years at a rent of 2s. 6d. a week was condemned. He was offered a council house at 4s. 6d., later reduced to 3s. 6d., with rates payable in addition.

He felt he could not pay the extra amount and provide for his wife and two children. It worried him so much that he hanged himself.

DRY CLEANING: New Disclosures

ONE of the results of the big dry-cleaning ramp in the North is that thousands of people are having the greatest difficulty in securing the return of garments handed in at various branches.

The police are dealing with complaints over a wide area.

Just a few of the places are Middlesbrough, Liverpool, Bradford, Newcastle, North Shields, Huddersfield, Manchester, Leeds, Halifax and Sunderland.

★ **J. W. Shakespeare-Banks claims to have the most marvellous memory in the world.**

Yet, in his lectures on "Humanology" at the Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, London, he frequently falters in recitations of poems.

It is then that he seems to become intensely interested in a row of ferns along the front of the platform.

Many of the people who have attended his lectures are now taking his special training course which, he claims, simplifies all the problems of life. Fee, £4 4s.

His lectures always work round to the wonders of this course, "to discover, develop and advance yourself."

Pamphlets announce that Mr. Shakespeare-Banks is bestowing this "wisdom" in London at the request of The Universal Opportunity League, whatever that may be.

Since quite clearly it is intended to lead to this wonderful £4 4s. course, I can only say that the ways of throwing money away seem endless.

I am told that Mr. W. Hanson, the Receiver in charge of Lloyds (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., of Old Mills, Yeadon, near Leeds, is returning all garments which can be traced as quickly as possible.

This was the last concern in the whole disgraceful racket.

It was formed by Clifford Moore and George A. Fearnside in a desperate attempt to continue the exploitation of shareholders and others when Drakes (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., collapsed.

Since my warning about Lloyds there have been remarkable happenings.

Moore and Fearnside have been fined for assaulting two men who worked at the mills. It has been found that insurance cards of employees had not been stamped for a long period.

The more my investigators probe the affairs of the company, the more convinced I am that the authorities should not rest until all the activities of Moore and Fearnside have been brought into the open. They are the two men chiefly responsible.

Many men have lost their deposits of £50, paid when they were appointed to branch managerships.

Moore, because he is an undischarged bankrupt, hid his real control of the business by describing himself as Business Manager.

He has had a very zigzag career—since he went to Australia at the age of eighteen.

After the war he remained in this country. He started out as a lift attendant. In 1926 he was associated with a film-renting business in Newcastle, which quickly fizzled out.

A coupon gift scheme he ran from Hanley, Staffordshire, shared the same fate.

Then in 1923 he started the train of this wretched dry-cleaning ramp.

"Auto-Valet Services," he called the company—and in twelve months he and his partner were bankrupt with liabilities of more than £4,000, on which only 1s. in the £ was paid.

From then he has been behind a string of similar ventures, all ending disastrously, finishing up with Drakes and Lloyds.

Boothman, another director, ran a small business for office accessories in Leeds before he linked up with the dry-cleaning racket. Shortly afterwards a friend saw him drinking champagne in a Harrogate hotel.

Fearnside was once a solicitor in Leeds, but in 1936 was suspended by the Law Society for professional misconduct.

RIVER OF MENACE

PEOPLE of Needham Market, Suffolk, and the surrounding neighbourhood go in daily fear of the pollution of the River Gipping.

After a long agitation there is to be a new drainage system for near-by Stowmarket and this, it is claimed, will remove the evil.

It will, however, be two years before it is completed. Until then, apparently, the nuisance is to be allowed to continue.

Medical officers concerned have promised to do what they can, but the people affected are demanding much more active steps.

In one way and another the menace threatens practically the whole of East Suffolk.

All the cattle on the farms in the large area through which the river flows drink the water, and farmers are complaining of serious loss. The yield of milk is lessened, and in some cases cattle have died.

On a hot summer evening the stench of the river carries a considerable distance.

The inexcusable delay in dealing with the pollution may be judged from the fact that the Rev. W. G. Hargrave Thomas, Vicar of Needham Market, has been agitating for action for more than thirteen years!

AMAZING CASH-SAVING IDEA FOR EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER WHO SMOKES CIGARETTES (NO COUPONS NEEDED)

YOU CAN GET THIS

£5.5.0 RADIO SET FREE!

—if you start PLUS-TWO-SAVING to-day. This amazing new CASH-saving idea for rich and poor alike has swept the country. Read how 'no frill' way of wrapping cigarettes can fill your home with lovely and useful things—at no extra cost.

An extra TWO SHILLINGS and ONE PENNY—coming into your home every week—*free!* Imagine what this means. This money would buy you, on hire purchase, a superb new £5 5s. od. RADIO SET like the one shown! OR—you could open a POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK account—buy extra LUXURIES for your wife—or extra necessities for your BABIES! This extra cash to spend, if you are an average heavy smoker, can be yours for the asking—NOW! Over 8/- a month—FREE!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO . . .

Say you (or you and your wife between you) smoke 30 ten-for-sixpenny cigarettes a day. You simply switch over to the new, full-size, mild, cool and refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes—as big and as good in every way as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies'★ and you will have TWO shillings and ONE penny EXTRA CASH in your pocket at the end of *every* week . . . in real coins, to do what you like with! 'How is it done?' you ask. See—

★ WHY PLUS TWO'S ARE AS GOOD—

Plus Two cigarettes are packed without expensive frills and wrappings. Thousands of smokers complained that 'you can't smoke wrappings.' Only because Godfrey Phillips have *cut out costly frills* in packing Plus Two's—and because they KNOW that a tremendous demand will be created—can they afford to give you 12 full-size standard cigarettes for the price of 10. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there are *four* extra full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit! Remember too—only a *full-size* cigarette gives you a full-flavour smoke.

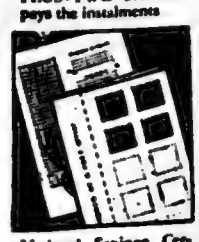
2/1d put into your hand every week!

There's no need to give up your cigarettes. If you and your wife together smoke 30 full-size Plus Two cigarettes a day—you *save* more than 2/- weekly. Thousands of PLUS-TWO-SAVERS collect their money in a special money-box, which you could buy for a penny—or use an empty tin. It's amazing how soon 2/1 a week fills a tin up: see—

30 a day at 10 for 6d 210 cigarettes a week	10/6
30 a day at 12 for 6d 210 cigarettes a week	8/5
PLUS TWO SAVING EVERY SATURDAY	2/1

A lovely Old English Teapot like this, price 6/3, by PLUS TWO-SAVING 2/1 for 3 weeks

A £3.0.0 fur like this for your wife next week! PLUS-TWO-SAVING pays the instalments



National Savings Certificates, 15/-, worth £1 in 10 years. Buy Savings Stamps weekly.

FULL SIZE

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND

PLUS TWO

12 for 6d — **24 for 11½d** — **6 for 3d**

ALSO CORK-TIPPED—BLUE BOXES

ACT NOW!

There will be a tremendous demand for PLUS TWO'S at tobacconists everywhere, as thousands of clear-thinking men read this announcement. DO NOT RISK DISAPPOINTMENT—make sure of your first packet of Plus Two's at once. After two or three packets you will wonder why you ever paid 2/1 a week more for your cigarettes. Say 'PLUS TWO'S—now.

"John Bull" readers discuss on this page a modern parable of the Prodigal Son—

One is bad, the other is good —but the bad boy gets the jobs

IN "Voice of the People," two weeks ago, a Carmarthen reader told the story of two boys he knew.

One had been sent to Borstal, and, having learned a trade there, had come home to a very good job.

The other, who had always been a good boy, had nobody to teach *him* a trade. So he had never known the joy of holding a real job.

He is still out of work in the town where the other boy is prospering.

That is the problem as it reached us. The problem of two boys.

But, offering to save six spaces in the "Voice of the People" page for the six best solutions received, we found that, in reality, it is the problem of a nation.

We got nearer *six thousand* letters.

They represent the bitterest condemnation of our educational system and the most heartfelt plea for a better chance for the average youth that we've ever read.

So we consider it a duty to devote at least a page to them.

And now, except to summarise—essential with such a huge post-bag—we stand aside.

Six per cent. said: "Judge from my experience."

The most touching section, this.

Most of the letters are from *good* boys who have found every gate closed against them and from self-acknowledged "bad" boys who want you to know that complete rehabilitation is not as easy as it sounds.

Idle Brains

"I was top boy at school," writes a Cardiff youth. "That was seven years ago. My hands have done some casual labour, but my brain has yet to earn me a penny.

"How could good boys learn a trade when unemployment was rife and the factories and workshops where trades could be learnt were closed and silent?

"While we, who never did any real wrong, were being chivvied about from gate to gate, the bad boys were leading sheltered lives. In this institution or that they were getting shelter, warmth, solid food, guidance, control, advice, and —*a trade*."

Dozens of "good" boys write like that. The majority point out that it is the boy from the Approved Schools rather than Borstal who goes farthest.

He learns a trade more thoroughly.

What about Ministry of Labour schemes for teaching "good" boys trades?

"They seem to be for middle-aged men —not for youth," say these young men scornfully.

And what about night schools?

"Where can you get 5s. for this and 2s. for that when you're out of work?" is their comment on those.

And now let the "bad" boy speak.

"Ex-Borstal Boy No. 937" comes first He has been sent for Borstal treatment (Portland, Lowdham and Camp Hill) three times.

And now he's got a good wife and a good job.

"You start to go straight the moment you realise that people are trying to help you and not punish you," he says.

"That's why it is so necessary to teach young offenders something."

Remodel Schools

Then the brother of a Swansea "bad" boy writes:

"My brother learnt a trade, but it hasn't stopped him being hounded out of one job after another because of his record.

"Who needs a trade more than the poor devil who has got to go through life with the hands of many so-called 'good' people set against him, plunging him and his into the veriest hell?"

Writes a third ex-Borstal boy: "At H.M.B.I., they concentrate on teaching you how to work to an employer's satisfaction. I don't suppose the future employer is ever mentioned in the ordinary school."

And the "bad" boys' chorus is: "Don't blame us for the faults of the ordinary education system."

Twenty-three per cent. said: "Remodel the schools."

"Raise the school-leaving age," say three-quarters of the people who write under that head.

Attach a trade branch to all senior departments, is one solution offered.

Make each boy and girl a separate study, is a view offered by many. Borstal and similar institutions have to. That's why they manage to get successes under terrible difficulties..

"Even technical colleges have got to learn common-sense," writes a Kent reader.

"One that we've got locally describes two hours a week blue-print drawing, two hours algebra, one hour English and one hour general science as an *engineering course*.

"Heaven help the product of such a school who tries to hold down a fitter's, turner's or some other really practical job against the Approved School boy's *bench* training."

And this opinion gets really down to things: "The time spent in teaching a boy with a croaking voice how to sing about May-time and such like might, if devoted to the teaching of a trade, make all the difference between success and failure."

Oh! the scores of letters that pour withering contempt on some of the subjects taught at schools — particularly village schools.

And the desperation with which some young readers tell us "There's nowhere here where I can learn a skilled job."

Thirty-three per cent. urge the State to provide trade courses for children who have left school.

"Let the Ministry of Labour have charge of such a scheme," say the majority of these correspondents—although a few express a blistering contempt for that Ministry.

The suggestions take many forms.

Schools fitted as factories and engineering shops where boys could go from 14 to 18 at the option of their parents.

Another suggestion is that the State should make maintenance grants for all boys and girls who would devote the years from 15 to 18 to study of trades, facilities to be supplied by the State either in approved factories or, where that can't be managed, in proper trade schools.

"Borstals for honest boys," is a suggestion made in all seriousness by several correspondents.

One reader even suggests that one good boy should accompany every bad boy to Borstal or an Approved School—to the ultimate benefit of them both!

"Let the heads of the shipbuilding, motor and other industries that need a continual influx of recruits who will eventually become skilled labour get together," suggests a Greenock reader.

Teach Parents

And we like this letter:

"There should be trade schools, certainly.

"But a trained psychologist should be attached to every one of them. A proper direction of energies is essential.

"It is because Borstal knows that the best safe-breaker makes the best safe-maker—in other words, because it has mastered the *re*-direction of energies—that it has successes."

Seven per cent. say: "Teach the parents."

Typical views on that:

"Too many parents sneer at intellectualism. Their children are brought up in that atmosphere."

"Parents who have more children than they can afford end up by giving not one of them a chance."

"Under the lash of poverty parents often hesitate to make the little financial sacrifice that would make all the difference to a boy.

"They want the immediate few shillings that he can get as errand boy. He misses the ultimate big salary."

These quotations may sound hard on parents.

But the writers often show they appreciate the impossibility of making sacrifices for a boy—when you're on the Means Test.

Two per cent. say: "Conscript youth."

The majority of these want every boy and girl between 14 and 18, irrespective of means, to be the special concern of the State, which will deal with them solely according to their ability.

Five per cent. say: "Send failures into the Services."

Which is too old an argument to need any explanation.

One per cent. says: "There are surely charities which will help good boys who fail."

Say what you like about that view!

What Mothers Say

And two per cent. say: "Let good boys get a bit of the spirit of the bad ones."

In almost every case it is a woman—usually a mother—who praises the bad boy.

"The high-spiritedness that gets them into trouble gives them something the so-called 'good' boy hasn't got—guts," says a woman who has worked among them as a matron.

"Bad boys wouldn't tolerate a dead-end job," says a mother. "It's the dead-heads who never get into mischief."

And most of them add: "There's no boy so bad that other lads can't learn from him to their own profit."

One reader says: Close Borstal. Bar jobs to criminals. We're becoming a nation of softies.

We're glad it's only one!

WORK SAVERS!

MANY women readers of JOHN BULL, looking for new ways to reduce housework, will welcome the news that there is to be a great display of all the latest electrical appliances at Olympia in November.

At Woman's Fair and Exhibition of Electricity in the Home the electricity industry will stage the biggest display ever seen in this country.

There will be something for every home. For the flat-dweller, for instance, the latest thing is a remarkable cooker, 20½ inches high, which will cook a meal for six people and consume only 2½ units of electricity.

What POOL FANS Ought to Know

FOOTBALL is here again, and with it—the pools.

No need for me to tell punters that the vast machinery of the pool promoters has already disgorged its first flood of coupons.

Nor to describe what Saturday's football results are going to mean to nine million pools fans.

It is more important to their pockets, I think, to sound a note of warning.

The many hundreds of tricksters who battened on pools investors last year with their flimsy pools and catchpenny tipster organisations have emerged from their summer hibernation.

New Tricks

They have been joined by many others—newcomers with new tricks.

I want, in this first article of the new season, to put you on your guard against these wily people.

And I want, too, to forewarn the investor against a person who can be just as serious a menace to his own pocket—*himself*.

That done, there should be no reason why any of my readers should spend an unwise penny or be cheated in any way in the ensuing season.

For, as I intend to tell you more fully later in this article, we are going to have a regular weekly page of JOHN BULL to ourselves.

It is going to be a Pools Parliament. Together, we are going to make it the finest pools feature in journalism.

Parasites

And it is going to be your guarantee against throwing your money away through your own indiscretion or the artifices of the army of people battening on this monster new hobby.

My first advice in this initial article must necessarily be—**beware the unsound pools.**

There are many more of them than you imagine.

There are hundreds of them, in fact.

Anyone who can find the sum of five shillings to register the name of a company can start one of these mushroom pools.

Scores of people who started hole-and-corner ventures of that kind last season didn't even fulfil that elemental duty called for by the law.

Thousands upon thousands of pounds were entrusted to those people who couldn't find five shillings!

Take warning from the activities of men like Cedric Wilcox, for whom, by the way, both the Brighton and the City of London police have warrants out at the moment.

He started Conduit Pools. And that wasn't his only crook concern of the kind.

Nor was the address from which he ran it his only address.

He papered the town with "dud" cheques before he disappeared.

One of his premises—in Holborn, London—was distrained on for rent.

It was pathetic to see queues of people calling there for their money after Wilcox had shown a clean pair of heels.

Take it from me, there are plenty of Cedric Wilcoxes in the pools business!

There is yet another reason why I counsel you to be careful in dealing with small pools of the side-street type, honestly conducted though many of them may be.

A huge proportion of them make no statement of any kind regarding the amount of money retained for expenses.

And no wonder. "Expenses" sometimes eat up 50, 60, even 80 per cent. of the money received.

In some cases, the total received from the investing public hasn't paid for all the circularising and other bills that have to be met.

This is no general accusation of dishonesty against small pools which make heavy deductions of this kind.

It is merely stating a truth—that the fewer people subscribing to a pool, the bigger share of the expenses each has to pay.

And while warning you on the subject of pools I hope you haven't already forgotten Sir Wyndham Childs' disclosures regarding International Sporting Pools, of Bristol!

Here—as he revealed—was a huge pools organisation claiming to pay a tremendous cheque to a fortunate winner.

A picture was published of the managing director of International Sporting Pools, Mr. A. E. Chard, handing the cheque over to happy Mr. Jackson, the lucky entrant.

He showed beyond doubt that "Mr. Jackson" was Mr. Chard's own brother, who had taken a room in a suburb of Bristol just before his spectacular success.

He reminded International Sporting Pools that the law existed to provide redress to people who could prove they have been libelled.

But International Sporting Pools have shown no wish to go to law.

So much for pools. We can say a lot more about pools tipsters who, though seemingly anxious to make a fortune for you, are only out to make a fortune for themselves.

There is Mr. A. Thompson, of Albert Road, Manchester, who sends out unsolicited circulars inviting people to enter his football forecasts in the Great Cheshire Pools.

You might wonder: "But why Great Cheshire Pools, in particular?"

Because Mr. A. Thompson, who has other names, *is* Great Cheshire Pools!

You have to pay him 25 per cent. of the winnings.

And as he aims at making his forecasts cover every possibility, somebody is bound to win.

He is reasonably sure of getting 25 per cent. from somebody.

Mr. Thompson isn't content to rake money in with both hands. He rakes it into both pockets—and pretty capacious ones at that.

Profit Guaranteed!

Then we must spare a word or two for Mr. John Edward Bradley, of Brownhill Road, Blackburn.

As Duncan Wrayburn, Mr. Bradley issued thousands of circulars describing "a gentleman's entrance to the pools."

Whoever the gentleman was—he wasn't Mr. Bradley, despite his offer: "I guarantee a profit of £100,000 on an outlay of £250."

What he kept doing was to take

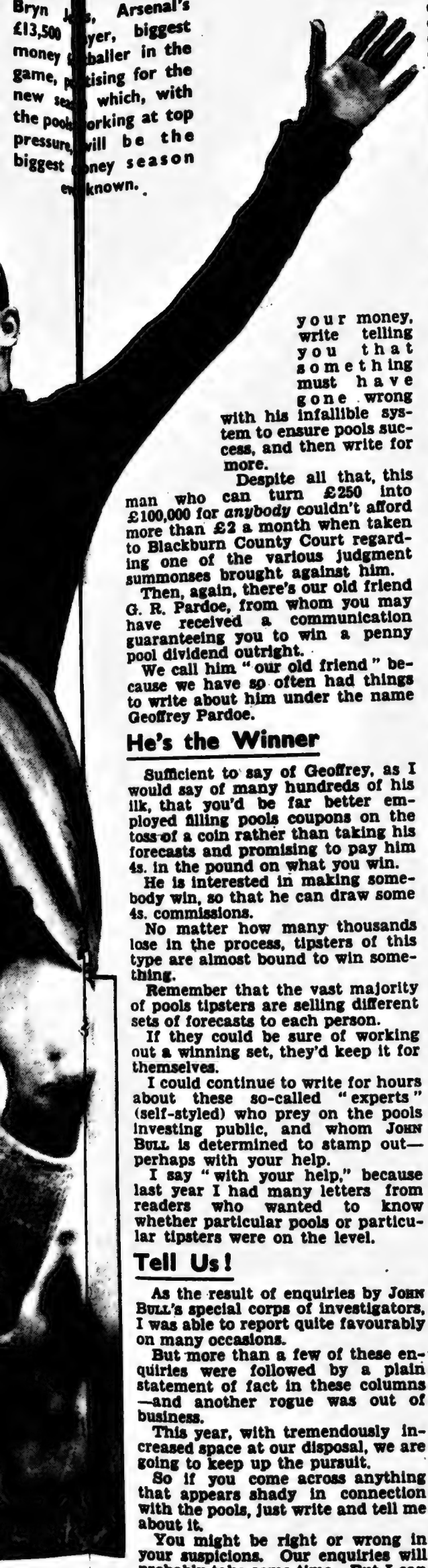
By "Poolex"

John Bull's famous contributor who won pre-eminence among pool guides in a few months of last season

Next week sees the start of "John Bull's Pool Parliament," with "Poolex" in the chair.

It's your page. Send us that opinion about pools. That doubt. That enquiry you have long wanted to make. If it concerns pools, write to "John Bull's" Pool Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(Now turn to page 30 for "Poolex's" hints on next Saturday's games.)



Bryn J..., Arsenal's £13,500 ...yer, biggest money ...baller in the game, p...tising for the new se... which, with the pool... orking at top pressure, ...ill be the biggest ...ney season ev... known.

your money, write telling you that something must have gone wrong with his infallible system to ensure pools success, and then write for more.

Despite all that, this man who can turn £250 into £100,000 for *anybody* couldn't afford more than £2 a month when taken to Blackburn County Court regarding one of the various judgment summonses brought against him.

Then, again, there's our old friend G. R. Pardoe, from whom you may have received a communication guaranteeing you to win a penny pool dividend outright.

We call him "our old friend" because we have so often had things to write about him under the name Geoffrey Pardoe.

He's the Winner

Sufficient to say of Geoffrey, as I would say of many hundreds of his ilk, that you'd be far better employed filling pools coupons on the toss of a coin rather than taking his forecasts and promising to pay him 4s. in the pound on what you win.

He is interested in making somebody win, so that he can draw some 4s. commissions.

No matter how many thousands lose in the process, tipsters of this type are almost bound to win something.

Remember that the vast majority of pools tipsters are selling different sets of forecasts to each person.

If they could be sure of working out a winning set, they'd keep it for themselves.

I could continue to write for hours about these so-called "experts" (self-styled) who prey on the pools investing public, and whom JOHN BULL is determined to stamp out—perhaps with your help.

I say "with your help," because last year I had many letters from readers who wanted to know whether particular pools or particular tipsters were on the level.

Tell Us!

As the result of enquiries by JOHN BULL's special corps of investigators, I was able to report quite favourably on many occasions.

But more than a few of these enquiries were followed by a plain statement of fact in these columns—and another rogue was out of business.

This year, with tremendously increased space at our disposal, we are going to keep up the pursuit.

So if you come across anything that appears shady in connection with the pools, just write and tell me about it.

You might be right or wrong in your suspicions. Our enquiries will probably take some time. But I can promise you the most searching investigations—and complete outspokenness.

So much for these enemies of the punter.

But what about that other enemy I mentioned—the punter himself?

The thousands of letters I received from my readers last year left me more convinced than ever that this is the worst enemy of all.

In my opening article last year I said there was not, and never could be, an infallible way of making a profit out of pool betting.

Road to Ruin

Believe it or not, I was all but snowed under with fantastic systems which their authors claimed couldn't fail.

Many of them meant "buying" dividends by entering enough lines to cover every possible result, which is the surest road to bankruptcy.

Some made a win more unlikely than if the inventor of the system had depended on dreams!

One claimant actually did use a pin to make his selections. He claimed that he had won large sums, and wanted to know how to market his device for the delusion of investors.

He certainly got some advice. Plain-spoken advice.

On another occasion I offered to help punters who wanted a simple system for their pool entries. I asked them to tell me what pools they entered for, how much they spent.

The Hard Way

It showed me plainly that most punters *do* want to be systematic in their entries.

I'm glad of that.

On the other hand, there was evidence that many of them had only the foggiest notion of what they were trying to do. They were actually making a hardship of their hobby.

One of them wrote:—

> **"Please let me know your best system for the pools. Each week I send in 12 lines for the points pool, 12 for the results pool, two lines in the 10 results, 4 aways and 3 draws. Also I usually have a try at the 5 starred."**

That man spends at least 6s. or 7s. on the pools each week—and about as unwisely as a man could.

Not knowing his circumstances in life, I can't comment on the size of his total stake. That depends on his income.

One Pool Only

But, in my opinion, it is wrong to spend more on the pools than you would on any other hobby or amusement.

Let me say quite definitely, however, that spreading his stake over so many different pools is unsound.

Just as the majority of professional backers of horses concentrate on one horse only, so the intelligent pool hunter will confine his attention to one pool, and make himself familiar with the particular problems which that pool presents.

Again, there are the thousands who regard a series of forecasts in a newspaper as a thing inspired.

I found out from this correspondence that thousands of pools entries every week are blindly taken copies of newspaper forecasts.

How silly! These forecasts are certainly compiled by experienced sporting journalists who are shrewd judges of football, and who give their opinions honestly.

But, relying on what they know, they cannot take into account the factor of sheer luck which produces the unexpected results.

To use such forecasts as a *foundation* for your entries is good common sense, and the basis of many successful systems.

But to expect any one man, however experienced, to give you 100 per cent. accuracy every week is utterly absurd.

Think For Yourself

Think what would happen if, one week, he did manage to give every result correctly in one particular pool.

That would mean that there would be no surprises in that week's results—which would mean pool dividends at their lowest.

And as so many people would have copied his forecasts blindly, the dividends would be lower still.

So that blindly following any published forecast will at best give you tiny dividends on rare occasions, with no chance at all of ever winning a worth-while prize.

The fact is that to win on pools the punter must do some thinking—and some forecasting—for himself.

And that's just what so many try to avoid.

At least half the pool-betting public want to be given absolutely cut-and-dried entries for their coupons.

Are you included? If you are, think very carefully over what I have written.

Maybe you think all my criticisms of punters apply only to "the other chap."

Well, here is a test for you.

Just read through these rules for sensible pools investment, and ask yourself honestly how often have you broken one or another of them.

When you have supplied yourself with the answer, you may be more inclined to recognise that *you* need advice as well as that "other chap."

TEN GOLDEN RULES FOR POOLS

1. **Regard pool betting as a hobby, not a business.**
2. **Never overspend. Decide what you can afford and don't exceed it.**
3. **Don't try to "cover the board." Concentrate on one or two pools only, and learn their problems.**
4. **Be systematic. Pick a simple system and give it a run.**
5. **Remember that forecasting, combined with system, wins dividends. Don't dodge forecasting.**
6. **Never copy forecasts blindly.**
7. **Don't follow all the favourites.**
8. **Keep a record of what you do—and why. Learn from mistakes.**
9. **Fill up your coupon to obey the promoters' rules.**
10. **Use common sense. Don't expect miracles. And never forget that it takes more than 5,000,000 penny losers to make a £10,000 winner.**

Maybe he's just one of the 5,000,000 penny losers who make a £10,000 winner. But "Poolex's" hints may turn him into that big winner!

Fame — and Mr. FENCHURCH

YOU old-timers will remember Jack Straw. And even you new-timers, who never saw him, know the songs he used to sing in the long-gone days before the war, at the Oxford and the Pav.

You sing them yourselves round the fire on Christmas night. Everybody sings them still.

Jack Straw. . . .

There was nothing refined about Jack.

He was born in Hoxton and never tried to forget it.

They say he never went to school at all, but just managed to pick up enough to read contracts and sign cheques.

An exaggeration, no doubt; the sort of gossip that follows a man who gets on.

At the same time Jack Straw remained a man of the people to the end, even when he was getting his two hundred a week.

I'm not old enough to have known Jack Straw well. Not old enough to be an old-timer, and not young enough to be a new-timer: something between the two.

Reflected Glory

But I knew his son for some years, like you know your own brother; possibly better.

John Straw, Junr. Mr. John Straw. In fact, John Straw, Esq.

Young John Straw was one of the nicest fellows you could meet anywhere, and if he had been anybody else but "the son of the famous Jack Straw," he might have made some sort of a mark in the world.

But Jack, with his red nose and his bowler hat, and his world-wide reputation and his world-famous songs, overshadowed young John from his cradle days.

Which was only to be expected.

At first young John thought it the most wonderful thing on earth to be "the son of the famous Jack Straw."

Old men used to pat his head and say: "So this is the son of the famous Jack Straw, is it?" and young John was quite pleased with himself.

Other boys didn't get singled out for favours like that. Other boys who were the sons of nobody in particular.

And at school, at first, he found it quite pleasing.

Boys who, in the ordinary way, would have taken no notice of him would say, "Is it right that you're the son of the famous Jack Straw?" and when he admitted it he found he got a share of the limelight that he'd never have had if he *hadn't* been the son of the famous Jack Straw.

They'd try to get him to sing some of his father's songs.

But there was nothing like that about John.

It was a good school, the school to which Jack Straw sent his only son. It was one of the best public schools in the country.

Jack to his last day was never ashamed of Hoxton, but he had the sense to realise that John wasn't Hoxton and never would be.

Overshadowed

"I'd have had a good schooling myself if I'd had the chance," he used to say.

And he gave John the chance that he himself had missed.

Young John was as modest a lad as was ever made.

He just wanted to be left alone to go his own way. He didn't want to be stared at and pointed out.

So that he hadn't been at his public school very long before the fact that he was "the son of the famous Jack Straw" began to grow into something like a nightmare for him.

Shopkeepers in the little town, when he went in their shops to buy some trifle, usually managed to work in, "Is it right that you're the son of the famous Jack Straw?"

Distinguished parents on Speech Day would get him aside to say, "I hear you're the son of the famous Jack Straw. Most interesting. I remember your father at the Tivoli twenty years ago."

And when people stopped when he passed in the street and whispered, he knew they were saying, "You see that boy. He's the son of the famous Jack Straw."

He told me years afterwards how he came to hate it, how it was like a shadow over all his schooldays.

"I couldn't be myself. Not that being myself was anything much to be.

"But the old man's fame chased me through every door I entered and down every street I trod. I couldn't get away from it. It was like being haunted."

He was about thirty when I first knew him, a modest, likeable man, only differing from the rest of us in that he was much better off through his father's ability to sing songs that everybody liked to sing, from Hoxton to Honolulu.

And right at the moment of our meeting I nearly put my foot in it.

"Are you the son of the famous Jack Straw?" I asked him.

I saw him wince, and it wasn't long before he was explaining to me about the nightmare that was pursuing him through his life.

He didn't look a bit like his father. He had a moustache and glasses.

Out of sheer self-defence I think he tried to look as much unlike the famous Jack as possible.

You could understand it. But what with one thing and another he was looking just a little *downtrodden*. And you could understand that, too.

Another "Aren't Folk Queer" story by WILL SCOTT

I was on one of the morning papers at that time and he, having the means to do nothing, was doing nothing in particular.

I liked him from the very start and I think he liked me, too.

Anyway, we saw a great deal of each other in the years that followed.

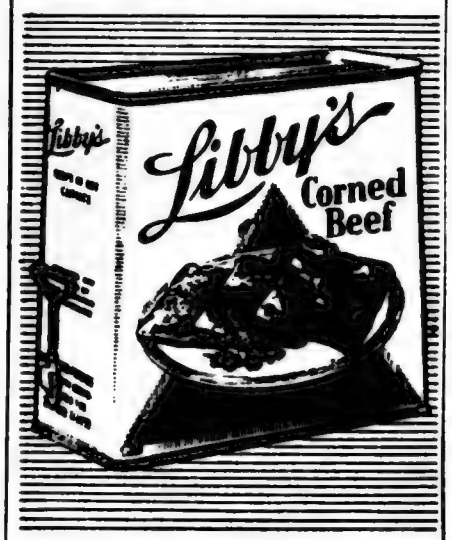
Until, shortly before he was forty, he disappeared from all the people and all the places that had known him so well.

Just disappeared. . . .

It wasn't because he wanted to do nothing in particular that he did nothing in particular.

For his father's line he never showed the slightest promise. He had tried one

....for tasty BEEF PUDDINGS



LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF with its delicious flavour makes a tastier pudding than any other meat. It is convenient to prepare and the pudding is ready more quickly.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY Ltd. London, E.C.3

LBB-11-D

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Though McKenzie and McTavish
With their bawbees are not lavish,
The Scots are not invariably frugal.
If this statement you should doubt,
Then you can't have read about
A Scot from far Ontario—
McDougall.

Being anxious we should try ways
To bring safety to our highways,
This clansman from an overseas Dominion
Has shown no hesitation
In presenting to the nation,
Free, gratis and for nothing—
his opinion!

AND, believe me, this is no inconsiderable gift.

For what could be richer (in unconscious humour) than Mr. McDougall's suggestion that it would make for safer driving if our roads were dotted with dummy policemen on motor-cycles?

★

Maybe the McDougall thinks that the presence of these scarecrows in blue would make the roads safe by scaring road-users off them.

But they might well add to the number of accidents by scaring nervous drivers into (a) fits, (b) ditches.

Probably what our clansman has in mind is the psychological effect of the uniform.

If this is so, there is doubtless something to be said in favour of erecting McDougall dummies not

Would dummy policemen really make the roads safer?

Scarecrows in Blue

only in built-up areas, but also on the high seas.

Attached to buoys in mid-ocean, they might prevent further offences against the Atlantic speed limit like that of which the *Queen Mary* was found guilty, despite the efforts of her owners (evidently fearful of their licence being endorsed) to conceal it.

Nor need we stop here. Seeing that the automatic potato-peeler has already proved a boon to mankind, it is high time for the automatic "peeler" to be given a proper trial.

★

Why should not Scotland Yard arrange for the immediate dispatch of a dummy cop in a plain covered van to any windy householder who dials 999 and makes a noise like a blanc mange?

In time, of course, the dummies will be replaced by the talkies.

Then for Bill Sikes, going about his unlawful occasions, there will indeed be a rift in the loot when he is disturbed by a mechanical cop, wired for sound, issuing a warning in approved Hendon accent: "Al say, you can't do that theah heah!"

★

Heaven knows where visiting film actresses will find adjectives worthy of being applied to our wonderful police once the mechanisation of the force is completed!

P.C. 49:
Let us introduce you to our new design,
A chromium-plated model which will wear and tear withstand,
A streamlined body, boots size 12, and notebook in its hand,
With illuminated eyeballs, made to threaten and command—
Our P.C. 49.

P.C. 49,
Formed of flesh and blood, will have to toe the line;
From the playing-fields of Eton we've been seeking a supply
Of cops, but now a mechanised constabulary is nigh,
We won't, it seems, be needing wearers of the old school tie
As P.C. 49!

Y. Z.

His father's fame chased him through every door, down every street . . .

● FAME'S a Funny Thing—especially when you inherit it—for it can just as easily break you as make you. At least that is what John Straw, Junior, found out . . . And John Straw was the son of a famous father.

or two things in the City, but every opening had led back to his nightmare.

"Straw? Any relation to the famous Jack Straw?"

"I couldn't stick it," he told me. "I just couldn't stick it. It's enough to drive a man mad."

He was at that time toying with the idea of opening a set of small chain stores in the suburbs. He'd have done it, too, if he hadn't been "the son of the famous Jack Straw."

But he let the idea slide. He'd more than enough to live on. Old Jack, a few months dead, had left him what you or I would call a fortune.

Being modest and unassuming, he was by no means a lady's man, and I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd remained a bachelor to the day of his death.

But one evening when I met him he wasn't quite like his old self and it was obvious before long that he'd got it pretty badly.

Love is Blind

I asked for details, but, surprisingly, there weren't any. He hadn't met her. He'd only seen her. But he was going to meet her. His mind was made up.

"I'm only thirty-eight," he said.

"Quite a boy," said I.

I saw nothing of him for a fortnight or so, and then he turned up unexpectedly one evening in a state of not-very-well-concealed excitement.

His car was outside, a beauty with a bonnet that looked yards long.

"Let me drive you somewhere at sixty miles an hour," said John. "I can't sit still or stand still to-night."

"Which means," I said when I was sitting beside him at the wheel and we were zooming up the street, "that she comes up to expectations."

"More than," said John.

"Good luck," said I.

Half an hour afterwards, somewhere in Twickenham, he laughed.

"It was only to be expected," said he.

"What was?" I asked.

A policeman forced his way through the crowd.

"Now then, gentlemen, please. Names, if you don't mind. . . . John Straw? Any relation to the famous Jack Straw?"

Half an hour afterwards, alone with me, John exploded.

"If she'll go with me," he said, "I'll clear out. Pack up and clear out and change my name and start afresh somewhere where I'm not known. Just disappear. If she'll go with me. I can't stand much more of this."

Vanished

And that is precisely what he did.

Just disappeared. . . .

I've already said he was one of the nicest fellows you could meet anywhere; likeable and modest.

We'd become good pals—how much so I never realised till he'd gone.

And when he had gone I missed him more, I think, than I'd ever missed anybody.

I understood the way he'd come to look at things, and although I was never as modest and self-effacing as John, I don't say I wouldn't have felt like running away myself if I'd been in his shoes.

All the same, he wasn't "the son of the famous Jack Straw" to me.

He was my friend, and had been for a number of years, and when he'd gone I wanted to get in touch with him again.

I tried the place where he had been living, but there was no news of him there. I asked the men who'd known him well, but they could tell me nothing.

I tried the Agony Column; it brought no response. The earth might have opened and swallowed up John Straw and everything connected with him.

I read newspapers, English newspapers and foreign newspapers, in the hope that there might be a paragraph about him somewhere, but there never was.

Was he, I wondered, in Paris or in Pekin, in Malay or in Moscow? Where?

The days became months, the months became years. He was heard of no more.

And that might have been, as far as I'm concerned, the end of John Straw, but for the chance that I was working on a newspaper, and when you're working on a newspaper you never know where you're going to be to-morrow.

Record Flight

Some woman had flown round the world from north to south, the first time it had ever been done, crossing the two Poles in her flight.

She had finished up away down in Kerry, not far from Killarney, and my paper sent me over there to get the story.

And there, on the porch of a little hotel, when my own part of the crush was over, I found him.

He was staring forlornly into a half-empty glass of whisky and soda.

"John!" I exclaimed.

He looked up. I don't think I had ever seen him, or any other man for that matter, look so completely beaten.

"So you've traced me," he said.

"Why no, John," said I. "I was sent across to interview Mrs. Fenchurch, after her record-breaking flight."

"Sit down," he said. "I'll get you a drink."

"Thanks, John," said I.

Down to Earth

"It isn't John any longer," said he. "I told you. I've changed my name and started afresh.

"Not that it matters," he went on bitterly. "I guess I was born to be what I am, whatever I might call myself. Fate's the word.

"You remember how they used to chase me? It's started all over again."

He raised his glass.

"Do you know who I am now?"

"Go on," said I.

"I'm the husband of the famous Mrs. Fenchurch," he said with a sigh.

"GREATEST OF THESE . . ."

IVING in Winchester on a pension of thirty-five shillings a week is an ex-Serviceman who was invalided from the Army in 1920 with pulmonary tuberculosis. In 1927, after sanatorium treatment, he was certified incapable of further work, but to keep his wife and nine children he attempted firewood bundling.

Last April he broke down and had to give up even that job.

His eldest daughter, aged fifteen, works in a laundry for 15s. a week, but is now on short time. His sons cannot go to school because they have no boots, and the rent, which is 19s. 6d. a week, is in arrears.

Readers can at least relieve him of the worry of rent arrears, if they will send donations earmarked "Winchester."

These, and subscriptions for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Thirst and

Just add cold water. Ready in five seconds. Made from pure natural barley and lemons. The ideal thirst-quencher. Even the sight of it cools.

Just add cold water

BORWICK'S
LEMON BARLEY
POWDER
3d. 7½d & 10½d

George Borwick & Sons Ltd., 1, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

(4a)

Science has made a miracle a commonplace—

Soon almost every family may be able to see world events as they are happening

Television Comes Down Your Street

A GIGANTIC industry has been built on a shoestring.

It is an industry in which Britain is easily first, Germany a poor second, and inventive, progressive America—nowhere. It is as modern as to-morrow.

The industry is—television.

This week begins the first full-dress showing of the new industry to the nation.

At Radiolympia and following through the various radio exhibitions in the provinces, nearly 250,000 people will learn how to become "televiewers."

Two years ago, when the first television service opened, JOHN BULL called it "the great toss-up."

We were not alone in thinking of the whole business as a fairly doubtful gamble. The very leaders of the radio industry had the same opinion.

Only half a dozen firms had bothered to make sets and then only a few almost "special order" jobs.

The minimum price was £100, and the heads of the industry said it would be at least five years before television sets would get down even near to the £50 mark.

Well, we were all wrong. Two weeks ago a JOHN BULL representative, with other newspaper men, was shown a demonstration of a television receiver which will sell for £30.

It was every bit as good as the luxury sets of a year ago. And that fact and that price means that television has come out of *Park Lane* and down any suburban street.

Mass Production

From a mere half-dozen manufacturers there are now a full score. Mass production methods have started and soon there will be a considerable increase in the 100,000 people employed by Britain's radio industry.

At the Radio Show this year every visitor will be able to see this modern miracle at work.

There will be a television studio where the public will see a full programme being sent out—everything from Mr. Middleton potting plants to a cabaret in full swing.

And the public will be able to see how it is done—watch the technicians and other experts, unknown men not featured like the B.B.C. stars, who have made it all possible.

They are the people whom we have to thank for the astonishing progress made by British television.

Final Proof

From what was a flickering blur on a glass screen a few years ago, we have advanced to the amazing pictures, clear as a cinema screen, which the modern set will produce.

The televising of the Test Match at Lord's, where every detail, even the flight of the ball, was clearly visible to people sitting at their sets 50 miles away, was the final proof that television had come out of the freak stage and had arrived as a national form of entertainment.

In fact, one group of cinemas, owning hundreds of houses, has made a definite demand on the B.B.C. for permission to show televised events on their screens.

The marvel of seeing an event like the Derby as it is happening is a greater public draw than the fastest delivered news film.

More than 300 cinemas have already been "wired for television"—just as, a few years ago, there was the rush to get "wired for sound."

The Football Association and similar promoters, however, who live by admission charges are alarmed.

They are holding out on any permission to televise matches, foreseeing the time when great numbers of people will prefer to see a football match from an armchair or cinema seat rather than to stand packed together round a field on a drizzly winter afternoon.

George Black, the theatre owner, has suggested an ingenious method whereby the theatres might be able to afford to hand over entire shows to the television broadcaster.

He suggests that television sets should have a built-in "shilling in the slot" device which would allow the set to operate on a special channel on which theatrical programmes and all "admission charged" events would be broadcast.

What it Costs

The money would be collected by the B.B.C. and paid out in turn to the various promoters who have given permission for entertainments to be broadcast.

Don't think that such developments and such problems are only for the remote future. They are facing the industry now. Only lack of money has prevented the televising of more great sports events.

Each mobile van with its camera outfit costs £30,000, and not many of them could be bought out of the original Treasury allowance of £180,000 a year.

Especially, too, when that amount had to cover all studio charges, wages, fees to artistes and development expenses.

But now the television people have got their allowance increased to £500,000 a year. And things are moving.

The main direction in which this extra money will be spent will be in extending the service area of television.

At present it is claimed that 12,000,000 can be served from Alexandra Park. But they are all round London.

Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow and other great cities must have television also.

£1,000 - a - Mile

One method of achieving this is to "pipe" the Alexandra Park programmes along a special line, called a co-axial cable, to all these cities.

But, since this cable costs £1,000 a mile, that will be an expensive business.

There are rumours that experiments in this direction have turned out a failure and that it may be necessary to build studio units in each of these cities.

But, whatever the method, the television chiefs now assert confidently that, in two years, four-fifths of Britain's population will be able to "look in" on the programmes.

And when you remember that Germany, with all its great scientific resources, has merely got an elementary "telephone-television" system, and that America has not yet got a single studio nor turned out a set for public sale—Britain's achievement is something of which to be proud.

In four short years we have brought the eighth wonder of the world within reach of almost every home, made a miracle as commonplace as the telephone or gramophone.

Mornings When your Brain Won't Work

Those mornings when you simply can't concentrate, when it's a labour to do the simplest thing, you're suffering from acidity. Something you've taken, something you've done has brought on an acid condition and 'Alka-Seltzer' is the very best thing to counteract acidity and relieve the pain. Take an 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablet in a glass of water.

'Alka-Seltzer' is unlike any medicine you ever tried. It doesn't taste like a medicine for it is a sparkling, pleasant-tasting, refreshing drink. Nor is it a laxative. But it has a wonderful twofold action. First, its analgesic properties relieve nerve and muscular pain. (Stops a headache in a few minutes.) Second, it counteracts the excess acidity which causes Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism and everyday aches and pains.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. If not fully satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

Be Wise-Alkalize! At all Chemists 1/- & 2/-

For BARGAINS See JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW"

Pages 2 and 3

TROUBLES GO IN THREES

"IT'S measles," said the doctor, and told the worried mother what to do to make her little boy as comfortable as possible.

In spite of her care, however, the seven-year-old grew worse. A more serious illness developed. This time the doctor said:

"It's pneumonia!"

Night and day the father and mother watched by the bedside. To add to their troubles their little girl, aged three, caught measles, too.

Two sufferers needing loving ministrations now. . . .

The little boy passed the crisis safely. Only then did the overworked mother confess that she, too, was ill. Measles again.

The husband became nurse to all his family. He kept the house tidy, bought the food, prepared the special dishes that were needed.

And at last the three invalids were convalescent. The worry-lines on father's face began to disappear.

But those extra fires in the bedrooms and the expensive foods had cost money, and there wasn't too much money in that family.

Few families in Britain *can* afford illness, for that matter.

Fortunately, in this case JOHN BULL was able to help.

The mother was a registered reader of JOHN BULL. She had signed the forms for our unique free family insurance scheme.

And so she received from us a handsome cheque towards those extra expenses.

"Please accept my most grateful thanks," she wrote to us. "JOHN BULL has indeed proved a friend in need."

*

Are *you* protected by our insurance scheme? Could *you* afford to be ill?

It is the work of a minute to fill in the coupon which confers all the benefits of the scheme upon you and your family.

Turn to page 31, and sign now!

JUST RUN OUT!

If you ever run out of Pan Yan, just run out and get some more! Pan Yan is the best thing there is for giving an extra flavour to meals—hot or cold. Everyone likes it. And Pan Yan is specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs. That helps to keep people happy and contented. After all, everybody knows that good temper starts in the stomach!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

When she was good, she was *very very good* . . . BUT . . . .

I shouldn't be a bit surprised if I get a shower of cabbages for what I am going to say. In the next few weeks we are all going to hear a lot of shouting about Press Button Sets. There is no doubt of their attractiveness. They are great "fun" to operate, and I know lots of you will say—"What, press the button and get the station? Fine! That's the sort of set I want!"

But—and it is a big but—keep in mind the fact that a set with Press Buttons may be novel, but that doesn't necessarily make it good. Press Button Tuning is in its infancy. It is less easy to make a reliable Press Button Set than an ordinary set. It is less easy to be sure of *lasting* good reproduction with a Press Button Set than with an ordinary set. So when you choose your new set, by all means have a Press Button Model if you feel satisfied about its real goodness. Otherwise you'll be wise to stick to the good hand tuning system you already know which after all is not so terribly difficult; and which even on a Press Button Set you will want for all the stations not on the buttons. Well, that's off my chest and all I need add now is just what you would expect. If you buy a Murphy Press Button Set, I think you can do so with an easy mind. It is different from—and I think better than —any other I know.

E. J. POWER *Managing Director.*

P.S. I hope we shall see lots of you at Olympia, when you can see our idea of Press Button Tuning and Television, and also a range of first-class, honest-to-goodness radio sets with hand-tuning. Our stand is No. 27 in the Grand Hall.

52 PUSH BUTTON TABLE MODEL as illustrated

This is a superhet receiver with automatic station selection using 8 push buttons. The press button tuning is motor-operated with automatic tuning correction. One of these buttons is for changing from manual to automatic working and the other 7 give automatic selection of 7 medium-wave stations, 7 long-wave stations and the 7 principal short-wave bands. As on all Murphy sets the reproduction is of very high standard. Variable tone control, automatic volume control, inverse feed back to eliminate heterodyne whistles and a gramophone jack are other features of the set. For manual tuning all principal stations are listed on the 3-colour scale which illuminates only the wave band in use, and a cathode ray tuning indicator is used to enable you to tune them accurately and easily. The cabinet is in highly polished walnut.

A.C. Model **£18.10**

Murphy Models include :—

NEW TELEVISION SETS FROM £30

•

BATTERY MODELS from £7 to £14.5

MAINS TABLE MODELS from £9 10. to £18 10.

MAINS CONSOLE MODELS from £13 15. to £35

MAINS RADIOGRAMS from £20 to £85

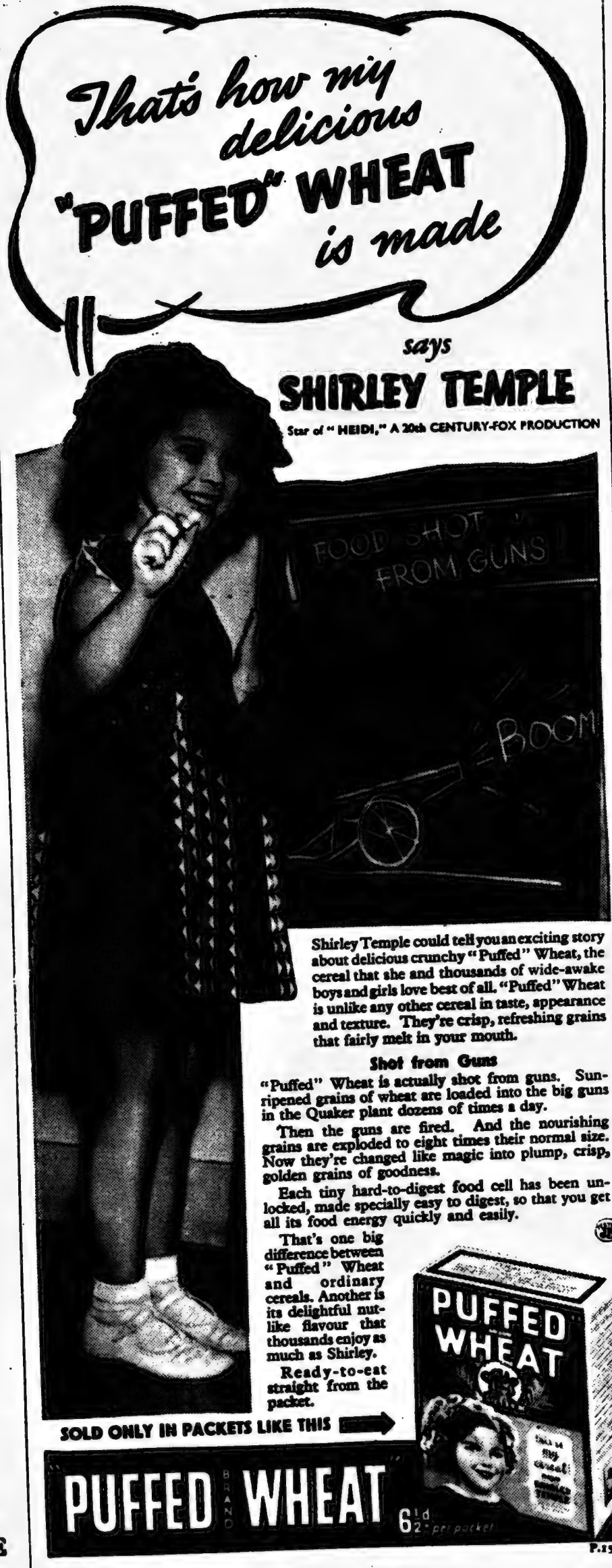
•

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS ON ALL MURPHY SETS

EVERY MURPHY SET HAS A HIGH EXPECTATION OF LIFE

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in Eire.
Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C. R. Casson, 835



Shirley Temple could tell you an exciting story about delicious crunchy "Puffed" Wheat, the cereal that she and thousands of wide-awake boys and girls love best of all. "Puffed" Wheat is unlike any other cereal in taste, appearance and texture. They're crisp, refreshing grains that fairly melt in your mouth.

Shot from Guns

"Puffed" Wheat is actually shot from guns. Sun-ripened grains of wheat are loaded into the big guns in the Quaker plant dozens of times a day.

Then the guns are fired. And the nourishing grains are exploded to eight times their normal size. Now they're changed like magic into plump, crisp, golden grains of goodness.

Each tiny hard-to-digest food cell has been unlocked, made specially easy to digest, so that you get all its food energy quickly and easily.

That's one big difference between "Puffed" Wheat and ordinary cereals. Another is its delightful nut-like flavour that thousands enjoy as much as Shirley.

Ready-to-eat straight from the packet.

SOLD ONLY IN PACKETS LIKE THIS

PUFFED BRAND WHEAT 6½d per packet

P.15

Stormy Weather

"Fear came back into her eyes . . ."

THE promenade at South Shields was almost deserted. Rain, driven by blasts of the north winds, kept most people indoors that night.

Having gone to South Shields partly on business and partly on leave, I hoped to have a little merriment.

So far it had been depressingly dull.

I turned my back to the deluge, when someone suddenly collided with me.

A girl's voice said, "Oh, dear! I am sorry!"

I picked up the parcels she had dropped on the wet pavement and gave them to her.

"I am afraid I had turned my back on the rain," I said.

"No harm done," she replied, with a little smile.

It was a sad smile. The girl—she was quite young—was very pretty, with a mass of auburn curls peeping out under a beret.

Her deep, blue eyes had an expression of haunting fear. She must be in some trouble, I thought, and felt a sudden desire to find out more about her.

"May I help you with the parcels?" I asked. "I've nothing to do, and in this downpour. . . ."

She shook her head resolutely:—

"Thank you very much, but I have only a very little way to go now."

Once more she smiled, and in a minute was swallowed up in the rain.

Nearly a week had elapsed when I next walked despondently to the end of the long stone pier, still thinking of the girl with the auburn curls, and gazed over the parapet at the angry waves as they dashed against the masonry in a smother of spray.

Then, in the semi-darkness, I saw something moving stealthily behind me and go behind the lighthouse at the end.

It was a woman. What was she doing here alone? Something in her movement made my heart beat faster.

I followed her. She emerged from behind the lighthouse.

It was the auburn-haired girl.

Horrors! She was about to throw herself into the swirling water below.

Springing forward, I was just in time to seize her by her skirt and jerk her back to safety.

★ With a scream she tried to struggle away, crying, "Let me go! Let me go!"

"Don't be a fool!" I shouted, and she heard me above the roar of the waves and wind.

"What's the matter? You're all right?"

She stopped screaming and lay limp in my arms for a few moments.

Then gently she released herself and looked at me.

"Oh!" An expression of relief crossed her features. "*You* are the young man who picked up my parcels the other evening!"

"You're right," I agreed. "And I wanted to renew our acquaintance. I didn't dream it would be in these circumstances!"

Fear came back into her eyes. . . .

"You don't know the Arab or—" and she broke off suddenly.

"Well, it's no good standing here," I told her, and I led her to a bright café just off the promenade, where we ordered hot coffee and scones.

Her name was Kathleen and she was only twenty. Her mother was dead and her stepfather kept a cheap lodging-house near the river frequented by seafaring men.

Most of the lodgers were foreigners, Arabs, Lascars, and dagoes.

Kathleen had to be general "skivvy" to this house and she was ill-treated by her step-father.

With hesitation she confided that he had tried to sell her to more than one of his undesirable lodgers, and was trying to force her to marry a swarthy Arab.

"I am to marry him to-morrow," she said. "He's a brute and I would sooner be dead."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "you cannot be forced to marry this man against your will?"

"What am I to do?" she asked. "If I run away they will track me down and Abdul will murder me."

"You must tell the police, Kathleen."

As I spoke I saw her turn pale. She put her hands before her face.

"My God! There he is."

A tall, swarthy man had just entered the café. He ordered coffee and lighted a cigarette. Then looked round and suddenly saw the girl.

Without hesitation he rose and crossed to where we were sitting.

"You enjoying yourself?" he leered. "Your father sent me to look for you. Say good-night to your friend, for I will take you home at once."

"Not so fast!" I interposed, standing up. "You have no right to come here and interfere between this young lady and myself."

"No right? I am her fiancé. We are to be married to-morrow."

"I will never marry you, Abdul!" said Kathleen with spirit.

"Oh, yes, you will!" Then he tried to pull her out of her seat.

★ I was beginning to see red.

"Get to hell out of this, you dirty dago!" I cried. "Or you'll find yourself in trouble!"

"What trouble?" he asked with a menacing grin. I saw his hand steal towards his belt.

"Look out!" screamed Kathleen. "He's pulling his knife."

"No you don't," I said, and threw my cup of hot coffee full in his face.

I followed up my advantage by striking him with all my force under the chin. He dropped like a log, and I stood over him with a chair ready for further action.

The café was in an uproar. Women were screaming.

Kathleen, however, kept her head, and only murmured several times, "He'll kill me for this."

A girl behind the counter who had rushed out when the trouble started now returned with a policeman, who was shortly followed by a second.

"That's the man who assaulted me!" Kathleen screamed as she pointed an accusing finger at the Arab who was vainly struggling to get up.

★ The two policemen seized him, took away his knife, and dragged him to his feet. Then they marched him off.

At the station Kathleen and I told our stories and Abdul was locked in a cell until next morning.

The station sergeant offered to send Kathleen back home with an escort, but nothing would induce her to return.

"H'm! What do you want to do?" asked the sergeant.

"Anything but that," she replied.

"Sergeant," I said, "I will be responsible for this young lady's safety. She shall stay at my boarding-house until we know where we are."

Kathleen was hesitant, but she trusted me and off we went.

Yes, it's a happy ending.

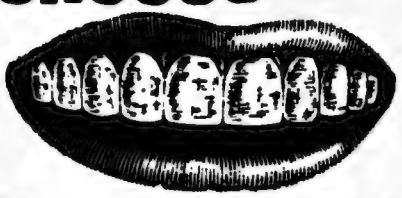
Kathleen and I have been married for a long time now.

Reader's Story by J. G. Glenwright, of Hall Gardens, Sherburn, Durham

Have we had your story? "John Bull" invites readers to submit original stories of real-life adventure not exceeding 1,200 words, and written on one side of the paper only. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution.

Choose your tooth-paste and you

Choose



Your Teeth!

Which of these will be a picture of your smile?

Think! Parts of your teeth have less than 1/1000th of an inch of enamel to protect them from decay. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which help to wear enamel away! Make *sure* about your tooth-paste. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least sign of grittiness change at once to the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy—and that means Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send 1d. postcard for free sample to Odol (Dept. J.B.24), Norwich.

Odol®

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Look Into This!

	I	V	E	R

One more letter in the vacant space above will complete a word aptly answering the Clue, "ONE CAN DO A LOT OF PUNTING ON IT."

Got it? Now turn to page 32 and work out Answers to the rest of the Clues for this week's entertaining JOHN BULL *Crossword.*

Your reward for pleasantly spending half an hour in this way may well be 25s. Weekly Life Pension, £350 and a 45-guinea Television Set or Millionaire's Radiogram.

Shiny nose gone forever!

Snowfire Powder-Cream is the secret of a skin that stays 'matt' all the time no matter how active you are out of doors or how hot you get indoors. And how economical to buy powder and cream combined! There are six flattering shades — Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Sun-Tan.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire

POWDER-CREAM

A new, easier way to better starching . . *what a difference it makes!*

"Now for the new Robin method — nothing could be simpler. Three tablespoons of starch and I'm ready to begin (*I never waste a scrap now I know just how to use it*). Let me see, there's the table runner and my two tray cloths, six table napkins and those four casement curtains (*Robin certainly makes them stay clean much longer*), the duchess set and bedspread from the spare room (*must have them nice for when Lorna comes on Thursday*). I'll very soon have them all crisp and fresh with a real professional finish."

Sort your washing into groups according to the degree of stiffness they require.

1 *Take 3 tablespoons of Robin Starch; mix to a cream with cold water, add boiling water — about a quart — stirring until the starch becomes clear.*

2 *A suitable strength is made by adding six pints of cold water. Dip and wring out the table runner, duchess set, tray cloths and bedspread.*

3 *For the casement curtains, table napkins and cotton frock, add seven more pints of water; or take about half of the starch left over and add four pints of cold water.*

4 *Finally for the handkerchiefs take a basinful of the remaining starch and an equal amount of water; this will give you the right weak starch for the hankies.*

Ironing. After wringing out the starched articles roll up in a dry towel and leave for an hour or two. Always use a sufficiently hot iron.

FREE Reckitt's have just published an interesting little booklet telling you how easy and economical starching can be. You ought to have it. Send for your free copy now.

COUPON RECKITT AND SONS, DEPT. 611, HULL. *Please send me a free copy of* "A Little Bird Told Me."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Please write in CAPITAL *letters.*

ROBIN *Starch* GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

IT'S so thrilling to win romance! So don't let Cosmetic Skin steal away your greatest treasure—soft smooth skin!

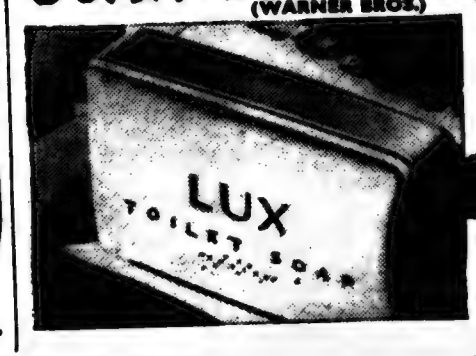
COSMETICS HARMLESS IF REMOVED THIS WAY

Stale make-up left clogging the pores causes dullness, tiny blemishes—signs of Cosmetic Skin!

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its PENETRATING lather carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge from the pores. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!

USE POWDER AND MAKE-UP? YES, INDEED! BUT I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BLONDELL (WARNER BROS.)



3D. A TABLET This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only. A LEVER PRODUCT TL 965A-364-65

FOR BARGAINS—— Turn to "JOHN BULL'S Shop Window" Page ——*See pages 2 and 3!*

KIDNEY AILMENTS

Mrs. Allanson, Leeds, writes:- "I suffered terribly from Kidney Trouble ruined through my confinement, and had five bits. I lost over 8 stones and could not walk. My gums and tongue were pure white, and I suffered dreadful nights. I was told my kidneys were permanently damaged and nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Vitadatio and it has worked wonders. I cannot thank you enough for the wonderful benefit I have derived from it. My kidneys have now been tested again and found to be perfect."

If you suffer from Kidney, Liver or Stomach Trouble, Vitadatio can help you! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.).

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK KA 121

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

£/9 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "PLEASURE" Cycle with Sturmey Archer 3-Speed Gear £9:11:6 Terms £/12 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

56/- now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

MASTERS OF MAKE-BELIEVE

"Grey Owl" — white man who posed as an Indian trapper—lectured throughout the British Isles, and was respected by the highest in the land

"John Bull" Presents an Amazing Gallery of Hoaxers

WHEN the small town of Lauterbachstadt, near Brunn, in Czechoslovakia, was visited by "Lord Runciman" recently, they welcomed him warmly.

People jostled each other to get a glimpse of the great peacemaker. Local celebrities shook him by the hand.

They asked him to sign the visitors' book in the chief hotel He did it with perhaps just a little more flourish than they expected.

It was his signature which first started their suspicions. Some time afterwards they discovered the truth.

They had been the victims of a clever hoax.

What possible motive could any man have in masquerading as Lord Runciman? He could hardly hope to influence the Czech problem.

Was it done for the sheer fun of the thing?

The normal hoaxer is governed by very complex impulses.

Most men and women who set out to hoax the world did not do it for fun.

Straitened circumstances, unauthorised access to private documents, the sudden snapping of a career, all these, at different times have driven men and women to aggrandise themselves into someone of importance.

★ They failed as ordinary individuals. Then they threw off the ordinary and adopted the guise of someone bound to make his mark.

Vanity, and the desire to enjoy the privileges of others, first transformed the Belgian sentry, Stephen Otto, into the Major Vicomte Joseph de Beney, Attaché to His Majesty the King of the Belgians.

Otto once stood guard at the gates of the Royal Palace.

His was dull, routine work, and as the days advanced into weeks the desire to join the ranks of these distinguished visitors gradually developed.

He was made for their life. He was handsome, well spoken. He had absorbed their bearing and habits.

Just a year later there descended upon the American Army headquarters in Coblenz the good-looking Major Vicomte Joseph de Beney, Attaché to His Majesty the King of the Belgians.

He was received with great pomp and ceremony.

From Coblenz the gallant Major emerged newly confident.

The whole thing had gone with a swing, and somehow he felt this alien aristocrat he was supposed to represent gradually grafting into his own person, making natural the bearing and mannerisms which at first felt somewhat forced.

He swept spectacularly through Constantinople and Vienna. Then he came to London.

By now thoroughly versed in his new ways, he quickly impressed a number of society hostesses.

Their daughters fell for the handsome diplomat almost on sight, and when they heard something of his daring exploits—so modestly produced — they deliberately set out to win him.

Unfortunately, he foresaw nasty complications if he accepted any of these ladies.

It was a pity. Their money would have solved all his financial troubles.

Troubles were becoming decidedly pressing. The tradespeople had allowed large bills to mount in his name. The Major Vicomte Joseph de Beney! Why, my dear fellow, he was known and respected through every capital in Europe. But one shrewd young grocer refused to be impressed. He wanted his money and threatened to do something drastic.

Beney tried to reason with him. It was useless. Then he made a fatal move.

Any Englishman knows that the Duke of York does not live at Buckingham Palace. Beney did not.

Seeking the assistance of the highest-placed people in the land, he called one day at Buckingham Palace and asked to see the Duke.

His manner was beautifully casual, designed to convey how small a matter it was for a person of his standing to call upon a Royal Duke.

Unfortunately, the Palace authorities were not only unimpressed, but they became a little curious.

Enquiries followed that visit.

Suddenly disaster overtook the handsome Major Vicomte Joseph de Beney.

He was unmasked as an impostor and fraud. Every detail of his colossal hoax was traced.

Soon the mention of his name in high circles brought the most embarrassing silences.

★ Distinguished men and women who had entertained him royally avoided having anything to do with Belgium in their conversation.

For his part, the ex-sentry Stephen Otto could neither face the scorn and ridicule which inevitably followed, nor could he think of going back to soldiering.

A short spell of imprisonment, and he committed suicide by jumping from a third-floor window.

Mary Wilcox, daughter of an English farm labourer, carried off an even more astonishing hoax in recent years.

Her motive was not unusual.

She had read of foreign lands and Eastern princesses, and her work as a maid at Bristol bored and exasperated the romantic girl.

If only she could become an Eastern Princess. How differently people would treat her.

One evening, some weeks later, Samuel Worrall, living in the village of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, opened the door of his cottage to a remarkable creature.

Jewels gleamed in her hair. Her slender feet were shod with sandals and round her slight figure was wrapped a richly-patterned Eastern sari.

By signs she indicated that she was lost and in need of food. All Worrall's attempts to discover who she was or where she had come from were fruitless.

She stayed that night in Worrall's cottage. The next day he consulted his employer.

The girl spoke no English, could not read and had the strangest habits The Squire of Knowle Hall, Worrall's employer, asked to see the girl.

★ Within a short time she had taken up residence at Knowle Hall.

There followed some strange scenes. The Squire tried every possible means to trace the girl's origin. gave that up after a time, and concentrated on her name.

At last she managed to paint with a

(Continued on page 28)

Mrs. Chebby Cohen went to school in a gym. tunic

Of course I take a laxative

HOW DO YOU THINK I KEEP MY COMPLEXION SO CLEAR!

When you need a laxative — take Beechams Pills. Those who obey this Golden Rule enjoy excellent health—in season and out. They take the safest, purest, most effective laxative the world has ever known. When Beechams Pills are so easy to procure, so simple to take, why should you suffer? Start a course today.

Beechams Pills

for over 90 years the supreme remedy for CONSTIPATION, *Biliousness, Digestive Upsets and Poor Skin.*

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO MAKE THE TEETH NOTICEABLY WHITER

Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white.

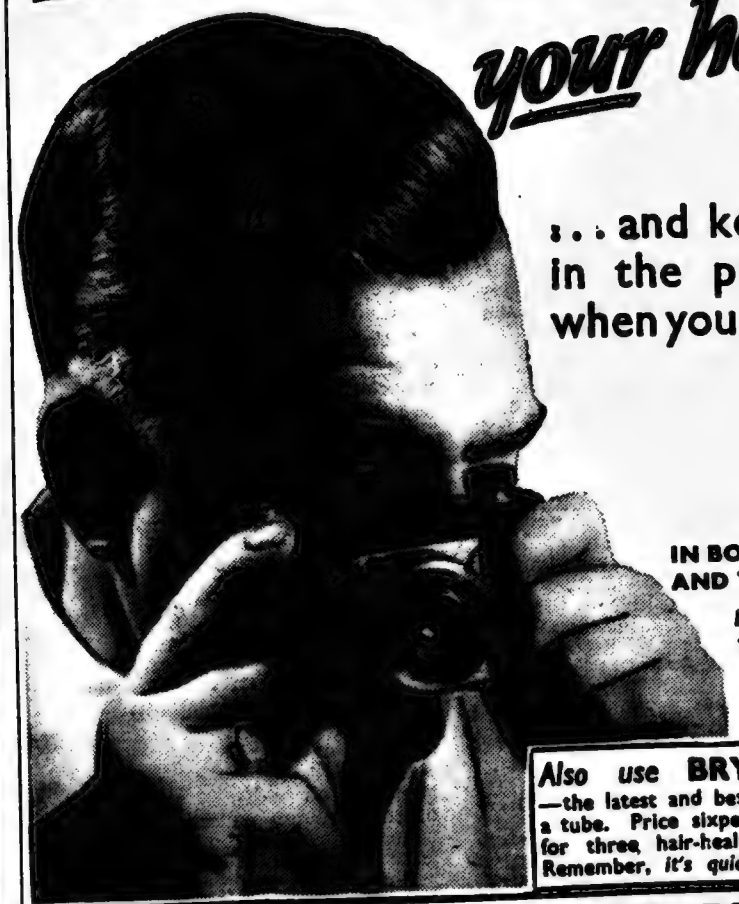
So get a dentifrice containing sufficient 'Milk of Magnesia,' and its use will immediately wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you use, however; it must contain 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Plenty of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar cannot form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of 'Milk of Magnesia' that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

BRYLCREEM

your hair,



...and keep it in the picture when you're 40

IN BOTTLES AND TUBES 1/-

Larger bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

Also use **BRYLFOAM** —the latest and best shampoo in a tube. Price sixpence, sufficient for three hair-health shampoos. Remember, *it's quicker by tube!*

BRYLCREEM—THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N.W.10 royds

CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

Mothers :—

One thing that contributes to irregular habits among children is their dislike of hard toilet paper ! : : harsh paper against sensitive skin.

Put Capensis in your lavatory. Capensis is specially crinkled for *extra* softness.

The Big Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household.

STILL GREATER VALUE!

CREAMIER LATHER — HANDY OVAL STICK — BIGGER TOO — EVEN MORE SHAVES FOR 6d

Smoother shaves than ever, and more of them, with the bigger oval EASY stick! Make sure the new EASY goes on your shopping list!

WELL OVER 100 SHAVES FOR 6d.

E 280-172-88 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29

Have You Seen the Latest COSSOR RADIO?

16-page Catalogue FREE!

RADIO'S latest introduction, announced on the Front Cover of this issue, is deserving of special interest. It's the greatest value ever. Cossor's contribution to everyone's need for an instrument of quality at a price within the means of every household must interest every "John Bull" family. Before buying your radio, get full particulars of this excellent radio offer by filling in the Coupon on the Front Cover for 16-page Catalogue. It's FREE! Get it NOW!

HOT ACHING FEET

Whenever your feet ache, sting, swell, or are sore, chafed, or feverish—use **Dr. Scholl's Massage Cream** for immediate relief. Invigorating, penetrating; soothes irritated nerves, sore muscles and aching joints; reduces inflammation and swelling; dispels foot odour. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price 6d. and 2/6 per jar.

Dr Scholls MASSAGE CREAM

Continued from Page 26

Masters of Make-Believe

brush symbols resembling the words "Princess Caraboo."

By this time the story had begun to spread, and within the next few months a variety of Oriental experts came to Knowle Hall anxious to solve this amazing mystery.

Meanwhile the girl continued to live extremely well, had her every want satisfied, and showed no inclination to worry

It was Manuel Eynessa, from the Malay Archipelago, who first claimed to understand her lingo.

Yes, he could understand what she said.

She was the daughter of an Achinese Rajah, and had been kidnapped during a rebellion.

By night she had been set down on the English coast and had wandered footsore and hungry into the village of Almondsbury.

Immediately the Squire made arrangements for the Princess to go back to her own people. A passage was booked and the girl fitted out with fresh clothes.

Then Mrs. Neale, from Bristol, called upon the Squire.

One glance at Princess Caraboo and her face hardened. Stepping up to her, she said: "Aren't you Mary Wilcox?"

For a time Caraboo tried to bluff. Then she had to confess.

Some months before Mrs. Neale had sacked her for dishonesty.

The Malayan gentleman, Manuel Eynessa, had entered into her conspiracy.

From recent discoveries it appears that Grey Owl—the famous Red Indian who lectured throughout the British Isles, wrote several books and held the respect of the highest people in the land—was not a Red Indian at all.

Several people in this country knew him as a white man.

* * *

The celebrated Captain of Kopenick really started the business of large-scale hoaxing in modern times.

This humble little cobbler lorded it among the civic authorities of Berlin, took the Treasurer's cash, arrested the local Burgomaster and commandeered a guard of soldiers—all by adopting the pose of a Guards captain acting on behalf of the Emperor.

Apart from the dangerous type of hoax with very ulterior motives, there are others which do no damage, but are equally audacious.

The story of Mrs. Chebby Cohen is quite unique of its kind.

This twenty-three-year-old wife and mother recently attended a Woolwich school for girls, wearing a short gym. tunic and playing the part of an eleven-year-old schoolgirl.

She mixed with ten-year-old schoolmates, took their lessons, and was never once suspected by the school authorities.

Like Mrs. Cohen, William Horace de Vere Cole amused himself with a whole series of the most astonishing hoaxes.

Once, dressed as a navvy, he arrived in Piccadilly and proceeded to rope off part of the Circus.

He then began work with pick and shovel. A policeman arrived to re-direct the traffic. The usual red lanterns were lit.

When he had dug a hole in the roadway, Cole put on his coat, bade goodnight to the policeman and strode away.

It was hours before the truth was discovered.

Cole bore a close resemblance to the late Ramsay MacDonald, whom he knew.

By some means he secured one of MacDonald's private cards, and for the rest of that day passed himself off as Ramsay MacDonald.

Everywhere waiters hovered deferentially. Several well-known people talked with him about the international situation.

Then, as he was leaving a restaurant, a group of workmen cheered him and called for speech.

He gave it them. The last word in Toryism!

Colonel Barker's hoax was a more serious affair.

Valerie Arkell-Smith first decided to change her sex and become a man, through an unhappy love affair.

She had a child to keep, and since men seemed to get jobs more easily than women, she decided to become a man.

She joined the National Fascisti, rose to the rank of Colonel and became known as Colonel Barker, D.S.O. Still no one suspected her true sex.

* * *

Then came that terrible moment in Brixton Prison when she was asked to strip in a room full of men. By retaining her shirt she passed the first examination successfully. The second, more intimate examination, proved fatal. She had to confess to the doctor that she was a woman.

Nothing in the history of hoaxing for the last fifty years quite compares with Colonel Barker's amazing adventures, but at no point did anyone suffer as the direct result.

She did not deliberately set out to exploit her masquerade except in so far as it made her more eligible for work.

Scattered throughout the country to-day there are hoaxers with far less scruples.

Usually they practise their masquerades on a small scale. Pseudo-doctors, women collecting for charities, bogus inspectors, and a dozen other impostors prey continually upon the public.

Their crime is despicable. The more so when they hide their true selves under some charitable guise.

For the rest, hoaxes of any kind are liable to cause trouble.

HUMAN MACHINE

START CLEAN!

THE French have a saying, "It is the first step that counts." But much farther back the old Romans put the same idea more pithily. "Resist beginnings," they said.

All bad habits had a beginning. All modes of conduct that lead people to disaster had a first time. "If I had only known" is one of the most tragic cries ever heard from human beings.

It is easy enough to stamp out a spark. Let that spark grow into a blaze, and a fire brigade can be powerless to put it out.

Because you can so rarely foresee the exact results of your actions, you should always think once and twice and again before you start something that may end by overwhelming you. Watch the beginnings, and the ends will look after themselves.

★ ★ ★

Take anger as an example. Righteous anger, honest indignation against injustice, against ill-doing, against social or individual wrong is a virtue—if kept under rigid control.

But how easy it is to let virtue become a vice! How easy to let anger become hatred unless we make our head captain of our heart!

Uncontrolled emotion is a symptom of "unreason," a sign that we no longer have control of our thoughts, a proof that we are no longer "captain of our souls."

Emotion, like fire, is a good servant but a terrible master. Never forget that. To be ever mindful of it is the least tribute you can pay to your self-respect.

Let's take indignation again. Unless you watch your step when you are in the grip of this emotion, the drift is so easy—so fatally easy.

Indignation slips into anger, slides into active animosity, grows steadily into ill-will, rancour and even positive malignity.

Emotions are like rivers. You can check them and divert them at their source. But once let them flow unchecked and gather strength, and they become raging torrents sweeping all before them.

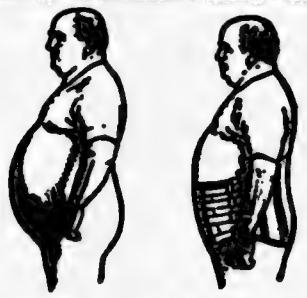
★ ★ ★

Watch your step! Watch beginnings! Resist that first step unless you can see clearly where the next step is taking you!

You can't foretell the future. But you can mould the future if you deal wisely with the present.

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxfordshire, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 6201
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
EDINBURGH: 30a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25493
BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., Clifton, 8. Bristol 24801
MANCHESTER: 38a, King St., & 23, South King St., 2. BLAckfriars 9075

Race with "Silver Ring"

GIMCRACK GOODS

SEVERAL correspondents have been making enquiries about Gimcrack, who was chosen by the Yorkshiremen to perpetuate a two-year-old race.

The choice was a queer one, as Gimcrack was a South Country horse, bred by a Hampshire man.

The horse was worth his weight in gold, for he won twenty-seven of thirty-five races, most of which were over four miles.

Later on in his career the little wonder horse was bought by a French count, who took him across the Channel and won a small fortune, betting that he would gallop twenty miles within an hour, a feat which he accomplished.

Bahram was the last horse to win the Gimcrack Stakes and the Derby, and this year's race is more important than usual as the winner is likely to become winter favourite for the Epsom classic.

Panorama and Portobello, the leading juveniles, have no pretensions to staying the Derby distance.

My choice for the Gimcrack is Lord Rosebery's Titan, which made a sorry mess of Prometheus at Goodwood.

Cougar and Spadassin may be the chief dangers to the Park Lodge candidate.

Mormond Hill and Creme de Menthe are suggested for the Saturday double at Gatwick.

Pound Foolish, if started, would be good for the St. Leger Trial Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, August 25, to Wednesday, August 31.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE.

ACUTE RHEUMATISM

Two years' Torture ended

Here is a man who has been "through fire and water," as you might say. For two terrible years Mr. R. F. H., of Monmouthshire, struggled against the ruthless, destroying pain and stiffness of Rheumatism at its worst. "I tried everything you could mention," he writes, "but all in vain. I spent 11 weeks in hospital; I also had 10 weeks' treatment elsewhere." But there was no lasting relief.

Then, as a last weary hope, Mr. H. tried Fynnon Salt. *The result was prompt and amazing!* "Since taking Fynnon Salt," he goes on, "I am very grateful to say I am free from Rheumatism. I still take it regularly every morning before I go to work. I give you full permission to publish my letter—it is only returning the compliment for the cure of that terrible Rheumatism."

The toxins and Uric Acid of Rheumatism can seldom withstand the powerful Spa mineral elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—"Nature's Salts of the Earth"—in Fynnon Salt. A teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning rouses liver and kidneys and cleanses the whole system in Nature's own way. Continue with this daily health-giver and you are assured of supple, sturdy health well into old age. Large tins 1/3 at your chemist's.

"For that clean fresh feeling.. use EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE

Its delightful tang makes it such a pleasure to use. Send for a free sample to Dept. 67/107 Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, then buy the large 1s. 3d. tube from your chemist.

£35 for LIMERICKS

1ST PRIZE £15
SECOND £5
THIRD £3
FOURTH £2
TEN of £1 each

A wealthy young broker named Paye
Proposed to a film star one day
"Let's walk down the aisle
And do it in style

SOME RHYMES: *Affray, alley, array, astray, away, ballet, betray, ch, essay, fray, gay, gainsay, jay, lay, may, melinée, nay, obey, pay, play, portray, pray, repay, roundelay, say, spray, stray, sway, survey, trail, weigh.*

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may be all on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, September 2, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor. 413a

Do YOU answer 'YES' TO THESE QUESTIONS?

—Do you find it more and more difficult to concentrate?

—Do you struggle against "nameless" unreasonable fears and anxieties?

—Do you get pains in your stomach? in your back or limbs?

—Do your hands tremble when outstretched?

—Do you sleep poorly?

IF YOU ANSWER 'YES' YOU NEED THE

5 ESSENTIAL MINERAL FOODS IN DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

JOE LOSS is 100% Fitter on Dr. Cassells Tablets

"Before I started taking Dr. Cassells Tablets I was feeling the strain very badly indeed. What with the rush from theatre to studio, from studio to ballroom . . . my nerves were getting the better of me. But as soon as I commenced taking Dr. Cassells Tablets my health went up by leaps and bounds! What a wonderful tonic they are! In a week I was 100% better! Now I can work as hard as I like! I feel it my duty to accord Dr. Cassells Tablets the credit which is due to them."

London's Busiest Band Leader — JOE LOSS.

—Magnesium, Manganese, Calcium, Iron, Phosphorus

In these modern days thousands in their thirties, forties and fifties are learning how to escape nerve-torture and depression by means of these five Essential Mineral Foods found in Dr. Cassells Tablets . . . PHOSPHORUS! . . . IRON! . . . MAGNESIUM! . . . MANGANESE! . . . CALCIUM! . . . life-giving . . . rich sources of nerve-vitality . . . foods which give pep and initiative to *men*, charm to *women*. YOU need a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets to smooth away the CAUSE of those strain-and-struggle lines in your face. You need Dr. Cassells Tablets to make an end of the misery-hours of pain and nerviness . . . to bring back a strong steady beat to the Pulse of Life itself!

Every day thousands are finding NEW health because they have taken steps to secure a supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets. That they have been rewarded is patently clear to the WHOLE WORLD! Radiant women! Enthusiastic men! Take Dr. Cassells if YOU suffer from "NERVES," MALNUTRITION, EXHAUSTION, DEPRESSION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Let Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS put your Nerves right

Brand

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

CROSSWORD No. 123.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 22 is presented the 123rd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. The judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, LITT.D., D.LIT., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.LIT.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If on any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as answers will be regarded as having tied on those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle figures appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, September 15, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny post-card to Gazette Dept., 20, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ARE YOU A CATARRH SUFFERER?

AN excellent five-fold treatment for all forms of Catarrh is now available for home use. Readers are invited to send for a Free Test. Turn at once to p. 14 and fill in the Coupon.

Housewives— Get this FREE BOOKLET "A Little Bird Told Me"!

Contains Many Helpful Suggestions

WOMEN readers are offered the opportunity of securing a free useful and interesting little booklet entitled "A Little Bird Told Me." It is offered free by the makers of the famous Robin Starch and tells you how easy and economical starching can be. Simply fill in the coupon on page 25, or, if you prefer, write, mentioning "John Bull," to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 611, Hull. Accept this free offer now, while you think of it.

Don't forget to look into the "JOHN BULL" SHOP WINDOW Page — you'll always find Bargains there

See pp. 2 & 3

It's A Dog in A Million—

—AND IT THINKS LIKE A MAN

A SHRILL, sharp whistle sends the dog racing, belly to earth, towards the milling flock of sheep.

Fifty yards to go . . . then another whistle . . . long-drawn.

The dog stops, almost in its stride, crouches, and begins to creep forward, edging the flock towards the "mouth" of wattle hurdles leading to the pen.

Two snarling barks and the sheep, following their leader like a cinema queue, begin to trickle into the pen.

As the last one scrambles in, the shepherd slams the bars into place, then leans down and pats the head of the dog—a long-nosed dog rather like a collie, with a broad, jutting forehead and a stringy, muscular body that will stand up to one hundred miles of moorland travel a day.

Just a pat—that's all the payment that the hardest working of Britain's 4,000,000 dog population gets—and expects.

A broad jutting forehead and a stringy, muscular body—that's the real British sheepdog, not the perambulating hearth-rug that goes by that name.

And the real British sheepdogs are in the limelight just now at Ilkley Moor, Yorkshire, where the English Sheepdog Trials are being held.

Thousands of people from all over the country have gathered to see these dogs which think like men—to watch them weed out a sheep from a flock one hundred yards away and, with no other command than a word or whistle, divide and drive the flock, in fixed numbers, into pens and through gates.

The first sheepdog trials began sixty-four years ago in Wales.

It was a local affair to settle disputes between a half-dozen shepherds about the quality of their dogs. The prize, if any, was a few pints of beer.

To-day, and since the war, the trials have grown into national spectacles attracting enormous crowds and presenting valuable trophies

Two years ago the Japanese were bidding against all comers for some of the prize-winning dogs.

Economy

First they hired six Scots' shepherds and took them back to Japan to show them how.

And now they want more of these dogs who are the shepherds' right hands and eyes.

They propose to breed a supply of them for all Japan, as soon as they have learned how to train them.

There are sheep farmers in the North of England who manage as much as one thousand acres single-handed with the aid of their dogs.

From dawn to darkness, from lambing to shearing, the dogs are out on moor and fellside tending and guarding the flocks.

And they are faithful from puppyhood till death. . . .

Edward Roberts, of the Berwyn Mountains in North Wales, had an old sheepdog named Fan.

Died on Duty

She was not at the last Welsh Trials. For, just before, she was out during one long day of mist and rain bringing in sheep from the mountainsides.

And when the last sheep was penned she fell dead at her master's feet. From puppyhood till death Fan was loyal to her master.

But the sheepdog, beloved and famous as it is as the servant of man, is not the only specialist in the world of dogs.

In Palestine, where soldiers and armed police are fighting to keep the peace between Jew and Arab, the best policemen have been dogs.

Their breed is named Doberman-Pinscher, and they come from South Africa, where they are famous for their tracking powers and courage.

Forty of them are kept in a £4,500 kennel, enclosed in barbed wire and guarded night and day by sentries, on top of Mount Scopus.

They are in charge of ex-N.C.O. "handlers," who have been specially trained to look after them. They are big dogs and nobody is allowed to go near them or take them out on a "job" except the "handlers."

Arabs hate and fear these dogs, and there are many stories about them which would seem incredible if they were not vouched for in official reports.

A police sergeant was ambushed and killed while driving alone in a patrol car.

Investigating officers got on to the approximate position of the ambush party by following along the line of the bullets which had smashed into the victim's body and through the car fabric.

To this spot they led a couple of Doberman-Pinscher dogs.

As the police expected, the trail led to the nearest Arab village—and then the dogs parted.

One sprang at a man who seemed to be eighty at least. Actually he was a young Arab disguised with a false beard and ample dirt, and was one of the murderers.

There are three other types of canine specialists which have been figuring recently in the news.

One is the "Seeing Eye" dog which has been bred and trained specially to guide the blind.

These take three months to train at a cost of at least £50 each.

The future owner must go for a fortnight to Wallasey, Cheshire, to the headquarters of the "Seeing Eye" organisation, so that dog and owner can become used to each other.

Friends Indeed

With such a companion a blind man can walk through crowded streets and cross traffic-laden roads as well—or better—than a man who can see.

Another dog making the front pages is the Labrador hybrid now being used by police of Wiltshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and Wales for patrol work in lonely districts.

About one hundred are now being trained at kennels near Newbury under Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Allen, Inspector of Constabulary for England and Wales.

"Key" dog of the establishment is a mongrel of unknown ownership and parentage.

"Mouse," as he is called, walked one day into Banbury police station and was thrown out.

He came a second day and was thrown out.

On the third day he was "detained."

Dogs that have another place in the gallery of canine specialists are the foster-mothers which have helped the London Zoo to rear motherless tiger and leopard cubs.

Mind the Cat!

Footnote: Latest specialist dog to break into the news is the Rettler, which comes from Austria, and is "specialist" only in miniature—for you can put him comfortably into a teacup.

His job is to be carried round in muffs which may yet be worn again by fashionable ladies.

If you are thinking of buying him, he costs £50. So keep your eye on the cat!

"Sheepdogs are faithful from puppyhood till death . . ."

GUIDE TO THE POOLS

By "Poolex" (Copyright)

UNTIL the programme for the opening weeks of the football season is completed, "Poolex" is unable to make the precise assessment of current form required to compile his "Graded Guide."

He is therefore giving an analysis of the matches to be played on August 27, based on the results of the corresponding games in previous seasons.

The first "Graded Guide" based on current form will appear in the issue dated September 24.

LIKELY HOME WINNERS (STRONG).—Alloa, Celtic, Carlisle, Doncaster, East Fife, Fulham, Halifax, Motherwell, Newcastle, Norwich, Rotherham, Southampton.

LIKELY HOME WINNERS (MEDIUM).—Airdrieonians, Blackpool, Bolton W., Bournemouth, Brighton, Cardiff, Clapton O., Crewe, Derby, Grimsby, Leicester, Liverpool, Notts Forest, Reading, St. Bernards, St. Johnstone, Swindon, Torquay, Watford.

LIKELY AWAY WINNERS (STRONG).—Hamilton, Morton, Queen of S., Rangers, Wrexham.

LIKELY AWAY WINNERS (MEDIUM).—Albion R., Burnley, Clyde, Forfar, Hearts, Leith A., Lincoln, Portsmouth, Preston, Sunderland.

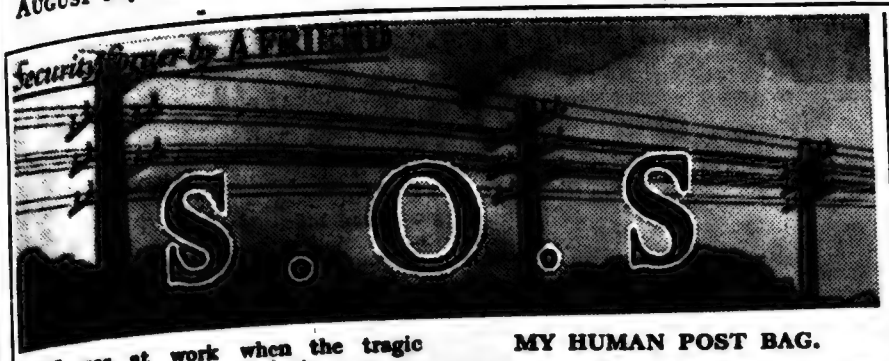
MATCHES TO AVOID (Names of home team only).—Blackburn, Bradford C., Brentford, Bristol R., Chester, Dundee, Ipswich, King's Park, Manchester C., Middlesbrough, Millwall, New Brighton, Oldham, Port Vale, Sheffield W., Third Lanark, West Bromwich Albion.

See also the *Daily Herald* every Thursday for special comprehensive pools service with form barometer, last minute news from the clubs and special penny pools section.

Secure LONG ODDS now for the St. LEGER
CAMBRIDGESHIRE & CESAREWITCH
NO LIMIT
for Doubles or for Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts, etc., etc.
FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL
Send now for
COPE'S "CHALLENGER" FIXED PRICE COUPON
It contains 6-League, 5-League, and 4-League Lists—absolutely Nothing Barred—as well as attractive special lists to suit the most discriminating backer.
CREDIT ACCOUNTS
opened for Racing or Football or both
Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age.
Name
J.B. 27/8/38
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £
DAVID COPE
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

12 months of severe STOMACH PAIN
Sufferer's letter published by request
"I write this letter," says Mr. J. S., of Openshaw, Manchester, "so that others will benefit and not suffer as I have done for 12 months with terrible pains in the pit of the stomach and sides.
"I am a chauffeur, but could not carry on my work. I was told I would be another lifelong sufferer and also that I would need an operation.
"My wife had been worried to death to see the pain I was in. I tried well-known 'cures,' but was never relieved until I started taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I assure you, after I had taken the first two teaspoonfuls I could not believe it was true. *My pains simply went*, and I am sleeping better and have had an excellent appetite since. I say again, the instant relief was marvellous."
Do you need to be urged to buy such a wonderful remedy for stomach trouble? Be sure to ask for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets; also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

ROCKET SHIP'S AMAZING JOURNEY
MYSTERIES of the atmosphere fifty to one hundred miles up have been brought substantially nearer solution by this flaming, roaring, catapult of the skies! Read all about a scientist's wonderful discovery in "Armchair Science," NOW ON SALE at all newsagents and booksellers.
Here are a few of the fascinating articles in the August number:—Taking Snaps in the Stomach. British Ship that Fires 20 Shells a Second. Making Sunlight in Tubes. Brown Eyes Turned to Blue. Building with Dynamite.
100 PAGES—32 ARTICLES AND FEATURES—80 ILLUSTRATIONS
ARMCHAIR SCIENCE
ON SALE EVERYWHERE 6d.



HE was at work when the tragic message was brought to him.

He was told that he was wanted at home quickly. His wife had met with a serious accident.

From his wife's own lips he heard what had happened. She had been going down the stone steps to the cellar when she tripped and fell, striking her head.

Promptly the doctor arrived, and after he had examined her he looked grave and ordered her immediate removal to hospital. Everything possible was done, but despite every attention she died later.

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that befell Mrs. M. Carter, of Church View, Low Moor, Bradford.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE.

As Mrs. Carter was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing numerous other Benefits, "John Bull" is still the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

£422 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £422 to registered readers or their dependants.

We can never tell from one day to another what Fate has in store for us. That is why I feel that everyone should have the unique security provided by this unrivalled Free Family Insurance Gift . . . a practical helping hand makes a lot of difference when one meets misfortune.

MY HUMAN POST BAG.

A constant flow of letters reaches me from readers who have received Benefit under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift—letters that are obviously written from the heart—and I would like, this week, to publish three of them :—

From a Scunthorpe, Lincs, reader, who received our Exclusive Fire Benefit :—

"A VERY FAIR DEAL."

"We are pleased to acknowledge cheque in connection with your Free Fire Insurance Scheme, and I wish to thank you for the prompt and efficient way in which you have conducted our claim. You have given us a very fair deal and I shall be pleased to recommend your worthy paper to all my friends. Thanking you once again and wishing you every success in the future. . . ."

From a Wingate, Co. Durham, reader, who benefited under our Exclusive Flood Section :—

"JOHN BULL" HELPS A SECOND TIME.

"I received your cheque to-day, for which we are very grateful, as this is the second time you have come to our assistance. I have great faith in your paper."

From a Birkdale, Southport, reader, who received our Exclusive Sickness Benefit :—

CANNOT THANK "JOHN BULL" ENOUGH.

"We cannot thank you enough for your cheque and can assure you we made good use of it. I am glad to say my husband is gradually recovering his health and strength.

Yours gratefully . . ."

Use the Forms below to-day—that's all you have to do to obtain this Free Insurance Gift.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 27/8/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

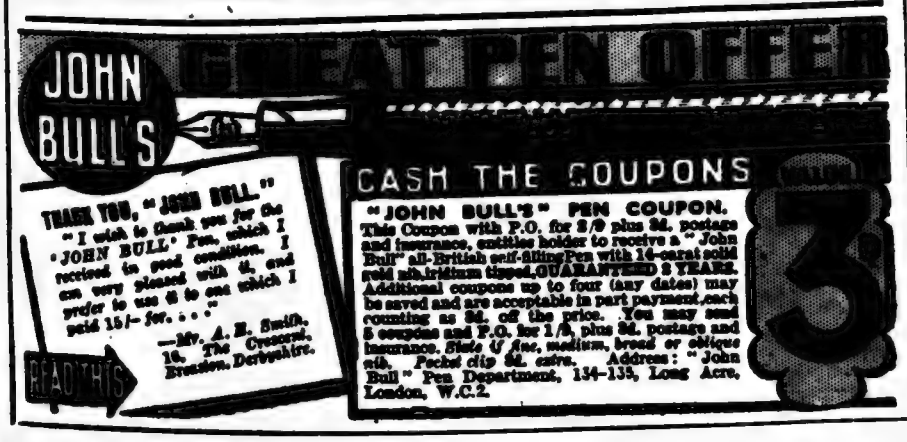
Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 27/8/38.


GREAT PEN OFFER
JOHN BULL'S
THANK YOU, "JOHN BULL."
"I wish to thank you for the 'JOHN BULL' Pen, which I received in good condition. I am very pleased with it, and prefer to use it to one which I paid 15/- for. . . ."
—Mr. A. E. Smith, 16, The Crescent, Bretton, Derbyshire.
READ THIS
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON.
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib,iridium tipped.GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.
Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment,each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 2d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
3

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take it!

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON E.C.1.

The Wonder Tablet

-And Stop Limping

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that, cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical ;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto ?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing !* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say :

"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Thrombosis gone ; legs better and less swelling.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone ; I have never felt better.*"
"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"
"*Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*" *Etc.*

Here's Good News ! You Can Test Elasto Free !

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what Elasto has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment ! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES ! *This offer is too good to be missed* ★
ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★

ELASTO (Dept.15.F) Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

John Bull, 27838.

Elasto will save you pounds !

INCREASED PENSION with CASH and TELEVISOR for JOHN BULL'S ENTERTAINING X-WORD

25 WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS £350 and

FIRST X-Word TELEVISION OFFER EVER MADE!

3-in-1 FIRST PRIZE—or INCREASED lump sum of £650

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

45-Gn. MARCONIPHONE TELEVISION RECEIVER

Expert free installation and guaranteed efficiency ensure thrilling entertainment from this almost miraculous Marconiphone Televisor. (Radiogram in lieu if Winner outside Television range.)

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./: write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Saturday, September 3, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

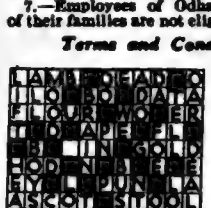
4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 15. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 20, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £650 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 29.



X-WORD No. 120.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those seen in the Square on left.

One blank space indicates that DIN and GIN were Answers of equal merit.

5 Big Cheques won in Crossword No. 120.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 120, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one square (see on left) were the following 5 competitors:—

W. PEIN, 42, Linacre Rd., Fitzstead, S.E.18; **F. J. PITT**, 11, Eastham Rd., Holloway, N.7; **H. W. HOOCKEN**, 70, Nevill Rd., Stoke Newington, N.16; **J. JACKSON**, London (Please send fuller address); **T. J. NEILSON**, 22, Milhead Gdns., Motherwell, Scotland.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £120 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 30, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 107 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 18s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 822 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS.

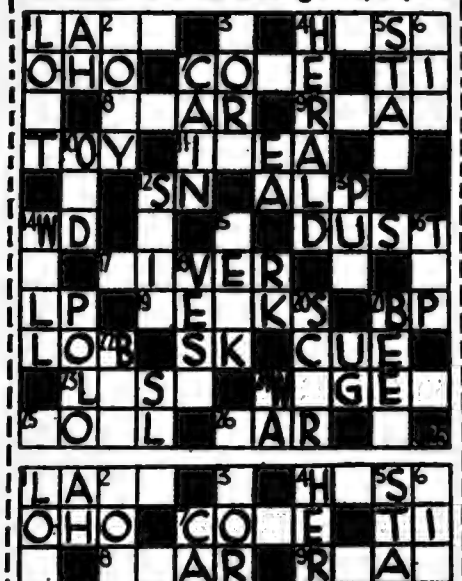
ACROSS.—4. DEAD. 9. FLOUR. 12. JIG or GIN. 13. GOLD. 15. HOD. 19. PUN. 20. ASCOT. 22. STOOL. 23. STINT. 24. POST. 25. ACT. 26. WISH.
DOWN.—1. LIFT. 2. ALL. 3. MOOD. 5. ADO. 6. OAR. 7. BRAIN. 8. TELL. 10. FOR. 11. BOYS. 14. DEAL. 18. REALS. 16. BUST. 17. LOT. 19. LOTS. 21. TIN.

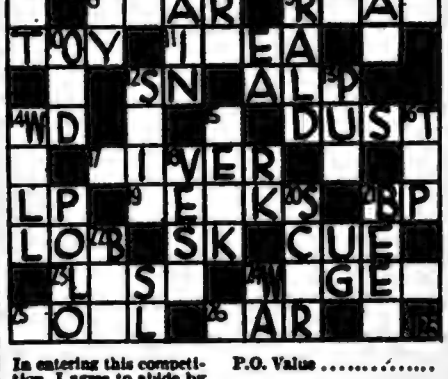
HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 123. Closing Sat., Sept. 3.





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 123. Closing Sat. SEPT. 3.

Study these Clues

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE

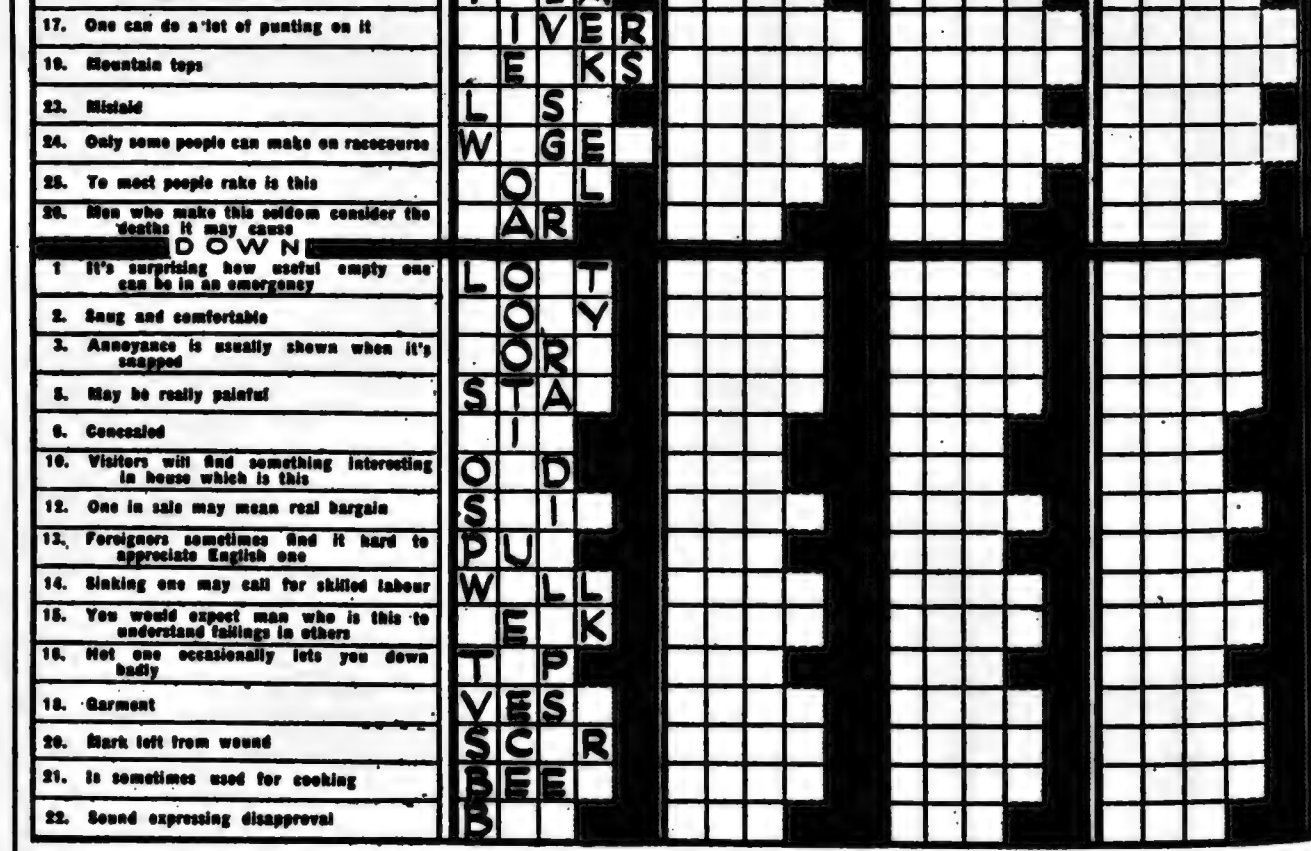
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

1. People occasionally try to hide this
4. Chief sometimes causes, when he comes into office
7. Decent one would prevent a man bullying a child
8. One in a film may get a lot of publicity
9. Invalid appreciates a quiet one
11. Notion beginning ideally
17. One can do a lot of punting on it
19. Mountain tops
22. Mislaid
24. Only some people can make on racecourse
25. To most people rake is this
26. Men who make this seldom consider the deaths it may cause

DOWN

1. It's surprising how useful empty one can be in an emergency
2. Snug and comfortable
3. Annoyance is usually shown when it's snapped
5. May be really painful
6. Concealed
10. Visitors will find something interesting in house which is this
12. One in sale may mean real bargain
13. Foreigners sometimes find it hard to appreciate English one
14. Sinking one may call for skilled labour
15. You would expect man who is this to understand failings in others
16. Not one occasionally lets you down badly
18. Garment
20. Mark left from wound
21. Is sometimes used for cooking
22. Sound expressing disapproval



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at those points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 123 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 123, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

("BULLETS" MAY BE ENCLOSED—SEE "BULLETS" PAGE.)

MIGHTY PENSION, FORTUNE AND RADIO OFFER COMING SOON WITH UNLIMITED FREE GIFTS!

WHISPERERS...

"Really, you know, she can't be up to any good . . ."

Their hushed voices spread the poison of slander that murders happiness . . . "Do you know about Mrs. Smith? Have you heard about Mrs. Jones? . . ." Simple words, but how sinister they can be.

IF there are 2,000,000,000 human beings in the world to-day there must be 2,000,000,000 human problems.

A few lucky people tell me they have no troubles at all; but there are others who have half a dozen at once.

Indeed, our troubles seem to have a trick of coming in a series rather than alone. They are rarely single.

Still, although there are so many different kinds of trouble, they can all be divided into two classes:

(1) Those which come from without and which we cannot prevent.

(2) Those which are man-made or woman-made.

The first class appear "out of the blue" like a thunderstorm. We may put them down to Fate or Bad Luck.

But although we cannot prevent their coming upon us, we can adapt ourselves to meet them.

We can't stop the heavy rain or the piercing winds, but we can build houses and buy warm clothes. We can't escape physical illness, but we can summon up our courage and practise patience under treatment.

Genuine sympathy from real friends can do much to take the sting from misfortune.

The second class includes a great multitude of troubles which are of human manufacture.

We may create them for ourselves if we are thoughtless or foolish.

More often they are forced upon us by other people—misguided friends, relatives, neighbours, and the people who appear to have a hobby of making mischief.

These troubles are not sent by a mysterious Providence or Fate. They are deliberately made, and the people who make them are responsible for all the harm they do.

★ Here is an example of this kind of trouble which has been sent by one of my readers recently:

"I am a married man with a good wife and two young children. For several years I have been in bed with lung trouble and my wife has struggled along on a small allowance granted by Public Assistance, and, thank God, she has managed to keep out of any heavy debts, though how she has done it I cannot say.

"While I have been laid up a few kind-hearted friends have at different times given the wife some very good clothes for herself and the children.

"And now people have heard ugly whispers going round that Mrs. So-and-So has had her husband in bed so long and she can't be up to any good—the way she dresses.

"You can guess how this goes through my mind. I am lying here and can do nothing.

"Why is it that some women seem to take a delight in spreading false reports against other people?"

Why do they do it? Why is it that human beings seem to go out of their way to create unnecessary misery by thinking the worst of their fellows?

Years ago people believed that such malice was the work of the devil, but to-day we are not willing to lay the responsibility on other shoulders.

The woman who spreads evil reports about a neighbour is herself to blame, and in the eyes of the law she is liable to sharp punishment for the mischief she has brewed.

But the husband who suffers helplessly in bed must refuse to worry about such nonsense.

He knows in his own heart that his wife is innocent and that should console him. Her loyalty and faithfulness must be his anchorage.

I call it "nonsense" because it is too vague to be taken seriously.

"She can't be up to any good" might mean anything or nothing.

★ If a woman accused the wife of being a shoplifter or a pickpocket she could be prosecuted for slander. If she said that the money to buy clothes was provided by immoral conduct she could be brought into court.

But the feeble suggestion that the wife is "up to no good" must be dismissed. I urge the bed-ridden man to forget all about it.

His own illness has probably helped to exaggerate the trouble in his own mind. No sensible person will take the slightest notice, and the others don't matter.

If, however, the ugly rumours continue to grow and to take more definite shape, the woman who is starting them must be stopped.

The slandered wife must put the case into the hands of a capable solicitor. The rest can be left to him.

Patience is a great virtue, but there is a limit to human forbearance.

The mischief-maker often attacks the most innocent victim, but when he or she attacks a person who is not entirely innocent it is possible to go to greater lengths.

A woman reader tells me what is happening to her now. Her story is an old one and is told with great sincerity.

Before she married she had a baby—a boy who is now in his teens and lives with his grandparents.

"He is a fine specimen of English youth and I am proud of him," his mother writes. "I see him about every two years.

"Four years ago the boy came to me for a holiday, and while down here he chummed up with another boy.

"He told this boy I was his mother, and this boy told his mother about it. Then this boy's mother told all the neighbours and naturally I was talked about a good deal.

"I let it pass, thinking it would die a natural death, but now she has started again. I have three new neighbours and they were not in their houses a week before she told them all about it.

★ "It is making me feel really ill, and my nerves are getting into a bad state with all the worry.

"Is there no way in which I can stop this woman? I don't want to take court proceedings, but please tell me what I can do to stop it."

I ought to explain that this woman is happily married and that her husband knows about the illegitimate son. They have two children of their own.

Now here is a case of a woman who is being made to suffer for something she did nearly twenty years ago, and it strikes me that a scandal-monger who has to go so far back for her "raw material" must be a most unpleasant sort of person.

What can be done to stop her? Some people would suggest leaving the district and starting with a brand new set of acquaintances.

But running away from a problem is not at all satisfactory and, in most cases, it is impossible.

Others would suggest tackling the mischief-maker and ordering her to control her tongue.

That would merely make her more furtive in her campaign of trouble-making.

My own advice is quite simple. Next time the boy comes over for a holiday—and he is coming any day now—the mother should take him about with her and openly introduce him to her friends and neighbours.

Why not? Everybody knows about his existence; the mother is proud of him; the husband has only the kindliest feelings towards him.

★ And the sincerity of the mother would win the admiration of every decent man and woman in the place.

As for the mischief-maker, well, she would look and feel very small indeed.

She could hardly go about whispering what is proclaimed openly.

Does this suggestion sound impracticable? A few years ago I knew a very similar case and the mother—a most intelligent woman who had loved "not wisely but too well" in the days of her youth — adopted this plan to scotch the rumours that were going the rounds.

The method was completely effective.

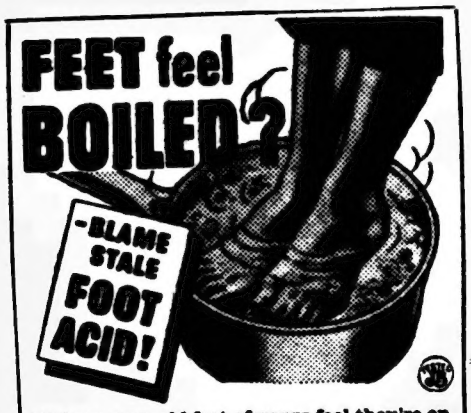
There was nothing more to be said. In fact, she used to say, "Let me introduce you to my eldest son, Gerald. I believe you have heard about him from Mrs. X."

Mrs. X was a local busybody. It was she who left the neighbourhood.

HUMANIST

Wants to help you solve your personal problems just as he has helped thousands of other readers. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

FEET feel BOILED?



If those poor old feet of yours feel they're on fire, feel they'll boil over at any moment — blame the stale Foot Acid which blocks up the skin-pores. Your feet have more pores than any other part of your body — 3,000 to every square inch of skin! These are the valves through which your feet perspire. If they get choked up, *the stale perspiration turns acid.* Then this acid piles up in the muscles and o-o-oh! your feet ache and burn! Soon corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. This supercharges the water with oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Swellings go down. Tired, burning, acid feet are cooled and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox. 1/6 per ten ounce pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet **1/6**

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

STOP heading for a NERVOUS Break-down!

Modern Scientific Formula 'Acts like Magic.'

Stop worrying! These magic tablets banish mental depression, relieve the strain on the brain, make you brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days!

'SHADPHOS' Brand Tonic Tablets invigorate and nourish your nerves as nothing else can—yet are guaranteed harmless. They drive away Brain Fag, Depression, Debility, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Nervous Breakdown, Lost Vitality, Ragged Nerves, etc. They literally make work a pleasure, revive your interest in life! Try 'Shadphos' for yourself at my expense—send this

COUPON for NO-RISK TRIAL

To readers of "John Bull" I am making a Trial Offer so that they can test 'SHADPHOS' free! Just send a shilling (and the coupon) and you will receive by return 2 full-size 1/- packets of this wonderful tonic. If after trying one packet you are not satisfied, return the other and your 1/- will be refunded in full. Take advantage of this unique offer to-day—send the coupon and 1/- to:

Mr. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S.,
Mail Order Dept.,
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.
(Dept. JB.1), 40, King William St., LONDON, E.C.4

PILES TERRIBLE AGONY FOR 12 MONTHS

—Now Quite Free!

'Dear Sirs: For 12 months I have suffered from Piles and did not know how to work at times. I tried **GERMOLOIDS** *and got relief from the first. (Sgd.) G. Toynham.'* All over the country thousands are being saved from the terrible discomfort and agony of Piles by **GERMOLOIDS.** They are the great new internal remedy which quickly ends smarting and itching; reduces swelling; heals tissues and protects sensitive nerves. Simple, clean, inexpensive. Get **GERMOLOIDS** to-day and **GET RELIEF TO-NIGHT!**

Germoloids

From Chemists, 1/3 per box of 12

Last year I didn't dare go swimming

Now everybody envies my looks, my spirits, my popularity!

Who would think that last year I was positively ashamed to put on a bathing suit? I looked so peaky and delicate. I felt everybody was pitying me.

Then a Doctor told me my trouble. I was suffering from Malnourishment. Nature meant our food to renew the body's store of Vitamins, Iron, Calcium and other minerals and the essential Food Iodine. But modern foods don't always do it. That's why you get rundown, loose your vigour and energy, tire easily, get discouraged and depressed.

Yet it's easy to get well, to regain the sparkling vivacious beauty and the look of vigorous health that marks the girl or man who is really physically fit.

Take "Vikelp" with each meal. "Vikelp" Tablets are chocolate-coated now and really nice to eat. But they double and treble the benefit you get from your food because they contain in concentrated form just those elements food needs to make it nourishing — Iron, Calcium Phosphorus and other minerals, the six essential Vitamins and the valuable Food Iodine.

Start taking "Vikelp" to-day. You'll feel the difference almost at once. Find you sleep better, have more energy, tire less easily, enjoy brighter spirits, grow more popular.

MAKE THIS NO-COST TEST TODAY

If you are weak and rundown, nervous or so much underweight you're skinny, get a ten-day bottle of "Vikelp" Brand Tablets. If you don't feel better, sleep better, have stronger nerves and, if you're underweight put on the extra pounds you need, the Makers will refund your money in full.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Tear out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you, absolutely free, a fascinating 50-page book on How to Add Weight if needed—Banish Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and Anæmia, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves, and Rich Red Blood. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. JB 8/4 128 Baker St., London, W.1

Now Chocolate Flavoured

REVITALIZE WITH — 'VIKELP' 1/9 & 3/6

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE!
For Best Last Line to Limerick on Page 29.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 29. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, September 2, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

For an A.1 notion

RADIO
Receivers · Batteries · Components

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

WRITER (Rye).—"Owing to unforeseen difficulties I've only just finished the novel I started a year ago! Isn't it awful?" You should know!

J. O. (Surbiton).—"If I won a yacht in a competition, what could I do with it?" Go yachting, of course.

W. L. (Appleby).—"Do you mind my asking what you put on your face after shaving?" Court plaster.

R. S. (York).—"What can I do to ensure that my son gets his homework correct?" None of it.

P. N. (Finsbury).—"I have lost faith in horse-racing." We've been backing nothing but losers, too.

S. B. (Shetland Islands).—"A large whale was washed ashore here last week." Who supplied all the soap?

T. M. (Hitchin).—"The most industrious people are to be found in Bucks and Herts." And the laziest in Beds?

Mrs. M. (Bedford).—"I wonder why my husband quarrels with all the home-made dishes I place before him." Probably because they disagree with him.

J. B. (Wandsworth).—"It is terrible when a comedian realises he has lost the gift of being funny." It is worse still when he doesn't.

G. T. (Clifton).—"I am told that a number of bees settled on a studio microphone the other day." In readiness for the next spelling contest?

A. Y. (Portland).—"Do you know why my watch hasn't gained or lost a second during the last ten years?" Because the mainspring is broken?

S. N. (Guildford).—"Most parents believe in heredity." Especially when their children begin to distinguish themselves.

H. B. (Maidenhead).—"I cannot find words to describe husbands who stagger home in the early hours of the morning." Their wives can.

SCIENTIST (Oxford).—"The human eye works on the same lines as a radio receiver." And some girls at the seaside broadcast with it, too.

D. N. (Kelvedon).—"I'm afraid some unscrupulous men never think of paying their tailors' bills." Whereas you quite frequently think of doing so?

B. E. (Angmering).—"There is nothing like a good hard row before breakfast to put new life into one." We prefer to have ours while *at* breakfast.

JANE (Caterham).—"The servant is able to dress as well as her mistress these days." Especially if the mistress forgets to lock the wardrobe.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"A friend told me that mine was the only picture he looked at in the exhibition." Was there such an enormous crowd round the others?

Mrs. L. (Lowestoft).—"My husband has been working as a parachutist for an air circus, but I'm expecting him home within the next few days." He'll be dropping in any time now?

Mrs. F. (Diss).—"If I had my way, I would release half the convicts that are now shut up in our soul-destroying prisons." Trust a woman not to let a man finish a sentence.

B. M. (Morden).—"A man who allows himself to be swayed first one way and then the other never gets anywhere." But surely some of those strap-hangers do arrive at their destination?

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write today, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

● "We've got the bailiff in again, sir!"—From the "Passing Show"

"Bullets" Illustrated:—Our neighbour's car—Plus Pound, Secured Pram!

S. A. P. (London, W.).—"No confidence trickster has ever got the better of me." So your initials have no significance.

Mrs. R. R. (London, N.).—"My hubby has given up golf for motoring." But the old language still comes in useful?

T. N. (Southampton).—"The powerful tugs down here fascinate me." We can't say the same for our own dentist.

Mrs. T. M. (Hastings).—"Radio can be a blessing or a curse." If yours has gone from bad to curse, turn to opposite page. There you'll see how to pension it off—and win a pension for yourself.

D. L. (Petersfield).—"I started my business career by borrowing fifty pounds. How's that for courage?" You mean the lender's?

G. V. (Stanmore).—"Is it true that a good cigar never burns the tongue?" Yes, so long as the lighted end is not placed in the mouth.

M. S. (Milton).—"A young girl dressed as a nurse recently attacked a doctor in a lonely spot and robbed him of everything." But surely she didn't take his temperature?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"Jack 'Kid' Berg gave one of the best exhibitions of BORING seen in New York . . ."

THE ARGYLLSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"The Provost drew attention to a number of large BOUNDERS lying on the stone pier."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—"The rain did not last long, and the GAS was continued shortly before 4.30."

THE CANNOCK ADVERTISER:—"Miss —— revealed an ideal microphone voice, and the ANNUNCIATION was equal to anything heard over the air for a long time."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The result of the appeal certainly seems to show that Britain's Darby and Joans are microphone-WINDED."

DAD by Maz . . . A Holiday and a Rest

BIG ONE-WEEK PENSION and RADIO PRIZES

open 'Bullets' Autumn Campaign!

WIN OVER **£1,000** In Pension Cheques during next 20 years by capturing "Bullets" fine First Prize ...

£1 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

£250 CASH WILL BE PAID IF WINNER PREFERS LUMP SUM

£50 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE | **£25** 2ND PRIZE | **£10** 3RD PRIZE | **£9** | **£8** | **£7**

£6 | **£5** | **£4** | **£3** | **10** of **£2.10** | **25** of **10/-** | **200** SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE **5/-**

6,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES — CLOSING POSTMARK SAT SEPT 3

20 5-VALVE ALL-WAVE SUPERHET "PHILIPS" RADIOS VALUE £9.19.6

ONE OF THESE SUPERB 'ROUND-the-WORLD' RADIOS WITH EACH PRIZE OF £2-10 AND OVER, GIVING GOOD RECEPTION FROM NUMEROUS STATIONS

ALREADY hundreds of JOHN BULL homes are equipped with first-class Radio as the result of past *Bullets* offers. Here, in the opening week of our 1938 autumn campaign, are 20 splendid opportunities for *you* to banish dullness from the dark evenings ahead by capturing a superb All-wave Receiver in addition to a big cash prize.

But there is more, much more, which you can win for a *Bullet* entered during the next few days. On Friday, September 16, a golden Joy Wire will bring to this Contest's First Prize-winner JOHN BULL'S congratulations on securing a solid Life Pension of 20s. Weekly—*and that wire can come to you!*

'BULLETS' 1,132 RESULT

First Prize, £300 plus Holiday Award as announced:

F. WOOD, N.E.S. Power Station, Backworth, Northumberland.
Example: SONNY'S LETTER
Bullet: "DIRTY SHEETS" MOTHER *Cherishes.*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Second Prize, £25:

Mrs. A. E. BASSIL, 61, Avenue Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Example: Carrying Things Too Far
Bullet: "Holy Day,". *Wholly* Gay.

Third Prize, £10:

Miss M. RADCLIFFE, 1, Hewlett Avenue, Coppull, nr. Chorley.
Example: Carrying Things Too Far
Bullet: Fate—Then Unexpectedly, "Lift."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: F. COLLINGS, 1, Mortons Terrace, Liverpool.
His Crime—Only "Job" He Knew.

£3: S. N. GEAR, 41, Bellevue Road, Southampton.
Ploughing The Seas—Pirates, Where Nelson Is Victorious!

£7: H. J. BRYANT, 115, North Road, St. Andrews, Bristol.
His Crime—Impish—The Birch, Devilish.

£6: Mrs. E. McCLURG, 22, Stirling Street, Flemington, Motherwell.
Sonny's Letter—Trebled—*His* Son's Arrived.

£5: J. W. BOOTH, C.S.M., 2nd Lincolns, C.I., Verne Citadel, Portland.
In Our Compartment—Say, "I Say——" Icy!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£4: Mrs. E. GALLOWAY, Fern Lea, Burniston Garden Est., Burniston, Scarborough.
Giles's Problem—Member Raised—Members Rose!

£3: E. C. PENWILL, 5, Woodland Terrace, Ivybridge, Devon.
Villain Mars—Pleases Armaments "Wicked Barons."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 of £2 10s. each:

K. BALL, 204, Park Lane, Wolverhampton.
In Our Compartment—"Authorities" Leave Middleton "Standing."

W. BUDD, 45, Moss Street, Keighley, Yorks.
Take Her To The Pictures And—Allow *Him* Outings, Wifey!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

E. BURSLEM, 106a, North View Road, Hornsey, London, N.
Sonny's Letter—Stirred *Ink-pot* To Depths!

T. T. DAVIES, "Endly," Croston Road, Farington, Lancs.
Grandpa's Complaint—Skirts Shorter—So's Sight!

Mrs. E. HARDCASTLE, 10, Leonard Place, Bingley, Yorks.
Roar Of The Lion—Apologetic—Maybe "Sorry" Later.

I. PARKES, 50, Lindley Road, Stoke, Coventry.
Nice Work—Beside Jerrybuilder's, Dad's Repairs!

W. SCOTT, Cavan, nr. Ronaldshaw, Kirkwall, Orkney.
Grandpa's Complaint — "Loneliness"—Drives Away Friends.

A. E. SMART, 14, Rectory Road, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.
He Says He's An Expert, But—Dad's Chickens Ignorant Lot!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A. THRELFALL, 170, Pleasant View, Eccleston, Lancs.
Giles's Problem—Getting Sweetheart On Cart-horse!

S. WHINCUP, 6, Clarendon Road, Cliftonville, Kent.
Nice Work—Cupid's—"Nice Evening!" Worked.

A list of 25 winners of £1 5s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

To win one of this week's big Cash-plus-Radio Awards, simply fit together TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, COST OF WAR, you had first jotted down, *Increased, And Children Killed Nowadays*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, COST OF WAR—ADDED TO, REDUCES "TOTS."

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,132nd Contest on this page. Then start on the *Examples* without delay, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, September 3.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

NO GOOD TO BRITAIN
MAN'S WAGES
HE GRITTED HIS TEETH AND
LOOKED BLANK
DASHED TO THE GROUND
BETWEEN TWO STOOLS
LIKE MUSHROOMS
IF GENEVA WORKED
TO IMPROVE THE PROGRAMME
TEACHER'S TASK
LED TO BLOWS
EMPTIES
IT'S SERIOUS WHEN
IN THE POLITICAL FIELD
PAID BY RESULTS
CLEVER ACTRESS
AFTER A DAY'S WORK
LOST KEY
COST OF WAR
SNAPPED
WHAT THE LANDLORD SAID
GETTING RICH QUICKLY
PROSPERITY'S SUMMER
IT'S WRONG, SO
WITHOUT TRAINING
GRANDPA'S RETIRED, BUT
ALL UP
ON HIS TRAVELS
KNOWING NOTHING
NOW HE'S FAMOUS
IN A BETTER LIGHT
CIVILISATION'S SWAN-SONG

Save Money on Entries — With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2d. on poundage and postage.
Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,136 and Crossword No. 123, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,136) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 3. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,136) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 3. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,136) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 3. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,136 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY — I enclose **TWO** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,136, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE. | Signed ..... | Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,136 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First prize-winner in Competition No. 1,131 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Crook, 186, Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,136, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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B138 - A299 J.B. 27-8-38